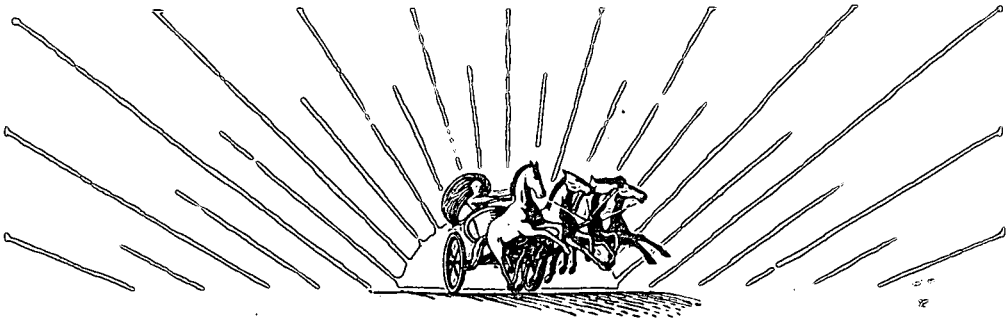

THE LIVING AGE

[MONTHLY NUMBER]

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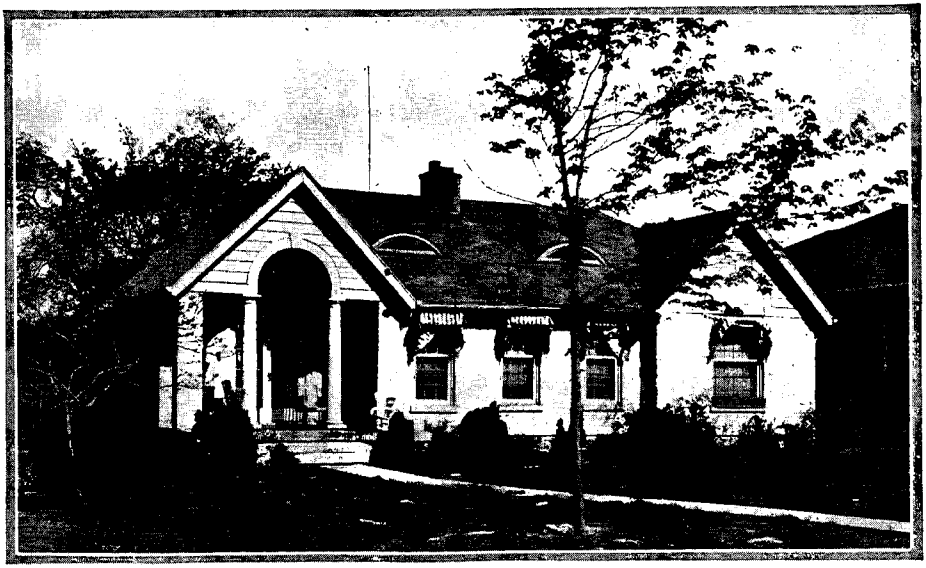

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

AMERICAN imperialism, the nightmare of England and the bogey-man of Europe, finds an advocate in **Walter Robb,** who has lived in the atmosphere of international intrigue that permeates the entire Far East. So many of our foreign contributors are terrified at our imaginary designs on the world at large that this point of view is highly pertinent. ¶ The name of **Theodor Berkes** is familiar to many of our readers. He is a German newspaper man whose special field is that complex assortment of lively States — the Balkans.

An eager world has awaited **Robert Boothby's** articles on Russia. He is one of the Conservative M. P.'s who took a deep breath some months ago and plunged into Moscow with the hope of finding out how those sinister Bolsheviki keep house. The hesitating judgment that he and his companions have been passing in the English press is not flat-footed enough for the more Conservative element, such as the *Morning Post,* which points out that these visitors were shown only what the authorities wished them to see. The *Spectator,* from which this group of articles was taken, is not so rabid against the Reds as some other periodicals.

Two wandering journalists, one German, the other Italian, report on Eastern theatres. **Paul Scheffer** knows China and Japan, while **Arnaldo Cipolla** is probably the most widely traveled reporter of any whose writings appear regularly in European papers. The *Living Age* last heard of him in Mexico, whither he had jumped from Persia, with time out for glimpses of other exotic spots on his way. ¶ Another Latin, **Leon Werth,** gives a Frenchman's impressions of another part of the East, in the *Revista de Occidente* of Madrid.

Concerned over American film supremacy, the *Manchester Guardian* sent its cinema critic to Italy, France, and Germany to see what he could find that might help England to meet Yankee competition. **C. A. L.,** as he signs himself, found Germany much the most interesting of the three countries, and we print his report on that subject, together with his summary of the situation all over Europe. **Alice Schalek** is an Austrian lady who has been living in South America and writing home about it from time to time.

The French Academy boasts few more brilliant or active members than **Henry Bordeaux.** Now in his fifty-sixth year, he has written innumerable novels and plays. He served in the war, first as a captain, then as a battalion commander, and finally in General Headquarters. He has been decorated by Greece, Belgium, and Rumania, as well as by his own country. His favorite sports, he says, are bicycling, automobiling, Alpine-climbing, and fencing. ¶ As a short-story writer of real originality, **Stacy Aumonier** enjoys an enviable reputation both in England and in this country, where his work frequently appears both in book form and in the current magazines.

It was not to be expected that Keyserling and Spengler, different as they are, would go unchallenged in France. **Henri Massis** is editor of *La Revue Universelle,* and he is a master of that precise logic and subtlety so typical of French intelligence at its best. **Louis Rougier** is in the French, or rather the France, tradition too. In spite of the revolt of some of the younger men, the late 'Master' still has his admirers. It is small wonder that both of these articles attracted the attention of England, and were translated by two men also famous for original work. **F. S. Flint** is the author of several books of verse, and contributes to a number of the more modern reviews, both in English and in French. **Richard Aldington** is another young poet and critic whose work has appeared often here and abroad.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — SEPTEMBER 4, 1926 — NO. 4287

AROUND THE WORLD IN AUGUST

Strikes and Politics

AUGUST is a political dead season abroad as well as in America. The parliaments of several European countries, including Great Britain, France, and Germany, have adjourned, and cabinets, assured of a relative longevity of several weeks, have settled down to their legitimate tasks. At Geneva, likewise, this is a quiescent period devoted to pondering on past mischances and preparing for those to come. The British coal strike drags on in defiance of Church and State. Even the most optimistic reports indicate that less than one miner in sixty has returned to work. How long the present deadlock may drag out, no one ventures to predict. The miners' vote against a settlement based upon the proposal of the churches, although it was recommended by their own leaders, disposes of the argument that the men have been reluctantly beguiled into resistance by their hot-headed trade-union officers. While employers are in a more comfortable position materially than the strikers, they are less happy politically. We do not know, of course, what changes of opinion are occurring in the mass-mind of England, but straws on the surface suggest that the current is setting toward the Left. The National Labor Conference at Margate has endorsed compulsory purchase and nationalization of the land, which goes a little beyond Lloyd George's scheme. At the Liberal Summer School the advisability of new inheritance taxes, specifically designed to rectify the uneven distribution of wealth, was seriously discussed. The idea was received with enough favor to induce a distinguished British economist, Sir Josiah Stamp, to devote a paper before the last meeting of the British Association to refuting it. Conservatives who, fearing the return of Labor to power, wish to fortify their position in advance, have appealed to Mr. Baldwin to reform the House of Lords. Their Party is far from unanimous on this issue, however, and the pro-Baldwin *Saturday Review* thinks the proposal 'a confession of weakness and a relinquishment of the hopes of many good Conservatives that this Government might so conduct affairs as to draw over to itself the future recruits to Labor and

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make the event of a Labor Government exceedingly unlikely.' Should Labor come back at a future election, however, with a majority in the House of Commons, it could, under the Parliament Act of 1911, put through a capital levy or other equally revolutionary measures in a single session by certifying them as money bills. On the other hand, nothing can prevent a Government in power from again changing the organization of the House of Lords precisely as it did in 1910, so that the suggested reform is really no safeguard. If the right to veto bills that pass the House of Commons is to be restored to the House of Lords, the latter must probably be made wholly elective, like our own Senate.

British Profits

According to the latest estimates, the cost of the coal lockout from April 30 to date, plus the losses of the general strike it precipitated, already approaches three quarters of a billion dollars. We have no figures as yet to show the effect of the strike upon industrial profits, for the latest reported were earned before the lockout began. For the first quarter of the year these profits, compiled for nearly fifteen hundred companies, are more than seven per cent greater than in any quarter of 1925. The largest increase is for two hundred and eighty rubber companies, whose aggregate net earnings have risen roughly from twenty million to sixty million dollars. Nitrate companies are also thriving, having increased their net profits in round numbers from between six and seven million dollars to nearly eight and one-half million dollars. These are followed by the breweries, eighty-one of which have increased their dividends and reserves in the aggregate from something under fifty million dollars to well toward sixty million dollars. Measured in dividend rates, however, tea plantations lead the list with thirty-three per cent, followed by rubber with twenty per cent, oil with nearly nineteen per cent, and breweries with over sixteen per cent. Textile industries in the aggregate appear to be thriving, for they distributed between fourteen and fifteen per cent to their shareholders despite the depression in cotton and other important lines. On the other hand, manufacturers of motor cars and bicycles paid less than five per cent to their stockholders, and iron and steel companies less than four per cent.

General Andrews

The British press in general was gratified by the success of General Andrews's anti-rum-running mission to London. *The Nation and the Athenæum* said: 'It was a reflection on our national honor that an organized conspiracy to defeat the laws of a friendly Power should be assisted by any laxity in British administration.' The *Spectator* declared: 'It has been well known that the British flag has been used [for smuggling liquor into the United States] by those who had no right to use it. . . . We hope that General Andrews will return to the States with the feeling that Great Britain wants to act with decency and courtesy toward his country.' And the *Saturday Review* was pleased because, although the debt question still impedes friendly relations between Great Britain and America, 'two minor obstacles have been removed.' Third-class passengers to the United States are no longer forced 'to submit to the indignities of Ellis Island,' and 'rum-runners who protect themselves by using the British flag will find their remunerative but contemptible trade rendered more difficult.'

At the Imperial Conference, which has been postponed until late in October on account of the Canadian elections, relations between the Domin-

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ions and the mother country promise to hold the floor. The South African Government has raised an issue which, though primarily sentimental, has caused intense irritation in England, by deciding to press the flag bill dropped last session as soon as the Union Parliament reassembles. To remove the Union Jack from a Dominion banner, as General Hertzog's Cabinet proposes to dó, both wounds British pride and shakes confidence in Dominion loyalty. Canada wants to discuss Dominion status, including its right to have independent diplomatic representation, while Mr. Bruce, the Premier of Australia, opposes discussing such matters on the ground that 'the new doctrine of international independence of the Dominions' would be a first step toward the Empire's disintegration. In this, as in many other matters, geography plays an important part in determining Dominion sentiment. Australian opinion is also disturbed by the topics to be considered by the Economic Conference of the League of Nations. Mr. Bruce has solemnly warned it against debating questions of trade and immigration, and Mr. Charlton, the leader of the Labor Party in the Lower House at Melbourne, has submitted a resolution instructing the Australian delegates to oppose including in the agenda matters 'of domestic concern,' relating to immigration, tariffs, and the control and development of natural resources.

Empire Politics

We referred last week to the refusal of the Governor-General of Canada to authorize a dissolution of Parliament at the request of Mr. Mackenzie King, the retiring Liberal Premier, as promising to be a lively issue in the coming parliamentary campaign; and incidentally it centres attention on the fact that the Governor-General is never a Canadian. Five of the six State Premiers of Australia have already requested the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs at Westminster that in future the Governors of the Australian States shall be chosen from among the people of the several States themselves, and not as hitherto from residents of Great Britain. Victoria, the most conservative of the Commonwealth constellation, opposes this proposal, and incidentally stated in its memorandum that in Australia the Governor has the right, if he thinks fit, to refuse a dissolution of Parliament when asked.

France is watching with a mixture of misgiving and assurance Poincaré's efforts to save the franc. He has had a better press than his predecessors, because French editors now realize how imperative it is to rally behind whatever leader is given them; and criticism and opposition have been more in evidence on the boulevards and in the lobbies than in the printed page. Across the Channel the *Saturday Review* refers to the present Cabinet as a 'Ministry of hostages,' — that is, embracing the chiefs of all the principal groups in the Chamber, — which may explain a good deal. Poincaré's financial plan embodies the recommendations of the Committee of Experts appointed some months ago, and is practically identical in respect to its remedies with that proposed by M. Caillaux; but its methods are different. Caillaux put foreign aid first, while Poincaré has always held that loss of public confidence is one of the chief causes of France's financial ills, and depends more upon the restoration of this confidence than upon assistance from abroad. The steps by which he designs to revive the faith of his countrymen in the franc and the Treasury are to augment revenues and to curtail expenditures until the Government's

Poincaré's Policies

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income exceeds its outgo, and to provide a politician-proof sinking fund for carrying the public debt. These measures were enacted before Parliament adjourned, and the sinking fund was written into the Constitution. The *New Statesman* considers the present recovery of the franc a purely psychological phenomenon, and predicts another decline. 'Ill-founded financial optimism is the besetting sin of the French man of affairs. He will seize any excuse for faith in the sacred franc, and M. Poincaré has given him a sort of excuse, though as yet no sort of reason.' Sisley Huddleston, writing from Paris in the same journal, is more hopeful. He points out that Poincaré proved a shrewder politician than Caillaux. 'Caillaux had bluntly asked for a dictatorship. Poincaré, availing himself of parliamentary resources, induced Parliament to pass special rules of procedure and quietly assumed a dictatorship. What he will do with it we have yet to see, but I believe it possible that during the next few months the position of French finances will be immensely improved. . . . M. Poincaré is not so foolish as to exclude foreign aid, but foreign aid is not the foundation of his plan. At the right moment, in the right conditions, it will be sought — and will be obtained.' Poincaré's return to power was well received in Germany, because her people regarded M. Briand's retention as Foreign Minister a guaranty of fair play. Germans realize that they are no longer as helpless as they were when the French occupied the Ruhr; indeed, they are to-day the stronger nation financially. Yet many British papers are inclined to doubt whether, if Poincaré succeeds in his financial policy, he will not resume his old Rhine policy. Robert Dell, writing in *The Nation and the Athenæum*, considers Germany's complacency unjustified on the theory that Briand may prove pliable in the hands of his present chief. 'Nearly twenty years ago, when he was a member of M. Clemenceau's first Cabinet, the latter remarked one evening: "The difference between Barthou and Briand is this: Barthou has principles, — successive principles, — whereas Briand has none at all."' This writer attributes Poincaré's comeback primarily to the wave of chauvinism and xenophobia that has just swept over France — that is, to emotional causes rather than intellectual convictions. French Socialists miscalculated last July as badly as in 1917, when they combined with the Right to overthrow M. Painlevé only to discover that they had been hoodwinked into putting Clemenceau in power. This time they overthrew Caillaux and unexpectedly lifted their archenemy Poincaré into office. The Communists are not much happier than the Socialists. At their last Party Convention their Secretary told them bluntly: 'During the past years, comrades, we have, unfortunately, to record a considerable falling-off in the number of our registered members. . . . We have not bitten deeply enough into the Left Wing of the Socialist Party.' Another leading member of the Congress declared: 'We must take into consideration, not only the declining membership of the Communist Party, but also the increasing membership of the Socialist Party.' André Marty, one of the Party's 'martyrs,' complained that even its rank and file were becoming bourgeois — '*Nous nous bourgeoisons.*'

German Opinion

Germany is in a less contented mood with regard to the League than she was last spring. The Rhineland, the Saar, and disarmament continue to irritate her. Her people are indignant because more Allied troops are sta-

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tioned in the Second Zone to-day than before the evacuation of Cologne. Autonomist agitation in Alsace also encourages a spirit of intransigence. That movement, despite minimizing reports, expresses a germ of real sentiment. Not long ago, for example, the municipal council of Séléstat decided that its streets should bear the names of the early champions of Alsatian autonomy, instead of those of French generals and politicians. It is reported that the French Government has requested the Vatican to prohibit the clergy of Alsace-Lorraine from taking part in politics, and that the Pope has refused to interfere. Most of the definitions adopted by the Geneva Disarmament Commission have favored France. Reservists are considered to form no part of measurable peace armaments — a ruling that gives countries like France and Italy, which have compulsory service, an advantage over nations already disarmed like Germany, or those which like Great Britain and the United States have a volunteer defense force. A second definition provides that colonial troops shall not be counted in comparing armaments. This again favors France, which keeps between three and four hundred thousand colored soldiers permanently under arms. Although business continues below normal in Germany, bankruptcy figures have been reduced. The quantity of coal at the pit-heads has declined, and iron and steel production has increased. Some of this betterment is due to the British coal strike, but it is interpreted in more optimistic circles as proof that the lowest point of the depression has been passed.

The death of Felix Dzerzhinskii, the organizer of the Cheka, called forth some fantastic obituaries in the European press. He was accused of being a bloodthirsty Sadist, and of leading a corrupt and dissipated life, and was said to have committed suicide because he realized the failure of Communism. He was a fanatic, but so far as is known his private life was blameless, and he was a kind enough man to his friends and acquaintances. His tastes were simple, and he was something of an intellectual ascetic. His mind was doubtless warped by years of incarceration in Tsarist prisons, and his conception of his duty toward the Revolution was certainly abnormal. Lenin has sometimes been described as the brain of Bolshevism, and Dzerzhinskii as its sword. More important than his death, however, are the growing symptoms of disorganization and revolt in the ranks of the Communist Party. Zinoviev, though officially suppressed, continues to agitate against Moscow — it is alleged with the secret support of Trotskii. The latter, however, is commonly supposed to favor a conservative economic policy rather than the extremist doctrines of the head of the Third International. *Pravda* publishes documents from twelve local Party units which have lost between fourteen and fifteen hundred members within three months through voluntary resignations. Simultaneously Soviet statistics show that more people are voting now than in preceding years, and that the number of peasant voters is rapidly increasing. In 1922 only 22.3 per cent of the village electors exercised their right; this year it was 47.7 per cent. In the towns, where 36.5 per cent of those registered cast their ballots four years ago, the proportion has now risen to 48.7 per cent.

Russian Dissensions

Czechoslovakia is agog over charges that General Gadja, Chief of her General Staff and the idol of her Fascisti, has sold important military secrets to Soviet Russia. Whatever the substance of these charges, the General

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has been summarily removed from his position. Budapest, having sentenced its franc forgers, has tried for treason several Communists, including Rakosi, one of Bela Kun's Commissars, who was condemned to death *in absentia* soon after Horthy became regent. He returned to Hungary, however, where the penalty imposed upon him, though not annulled, was never enforced. He was later arrested for subversive agitation, and after a dramatic trial, accompanied by much Bolshevist oratory from the dock, has been sentenced, together with a number of his followers, to several years' imprisonment. Mussolini's influence in the Balkans has undoubtedly increased of late. He has been asked to arbitrate the frontier dispute between Rumania and Bulgaria, a question that would ordinarily be referred to the League of Nations. Gossip has it, moreover, that a royal marriage is likely to unite the interests of Rome and Sofia. An army plot in Greece has succeeded better than the military conspiracy which General Weyler recently headed against the Directory in Spain, and General Pangalos is reported to be a prisoner. That gentleman's position has not been altogether easy for some time. The Greeks, in contrast to the Spaniards, are a highly political nation, who have inherited the keen interest in public affairs that characterized the ancient people of their peninsula. General Pangalos, who seized power during a moment of abnormal political apathy, failed, as dictators generally do, to restore the Government to constitutional channels, largely because the political parties sabotaged his efforts as insincere. The new coup may mean a return to parliamentary institutions, or it may merely be one more phase in dictatorial rule.

Southeastern Europe

Turkey, which seems to be emulating the Paraguay of Francia and López, and Syria, where every French 'victory' apparently strengthens the rebels, have been making little history of general interest. Abyssinia has become the high spot in Africa, diplomatically as well as geographically, since the publication of the British-Italian agreement concerning their respective economic spheres there. It has now come to light that the Italian Government approached the British Foreign Office seven years ago with the proposal for a joint policy in Abyssinia. This overture was not favorably received at that time, but last year Great Britain took the initiative in reopening the subject, and negotiations were carried on for several months without the knowledge of the Abyssinian Government. Not until last January, when a compact between Italy and Great Britain had actually been signed, was its substance communicated to the Abyssinian Regent and to France. Both countries immediately protested, but the French Foreign Office has now been persuaded to remain quiescent. The British press, while defending the Government's ultimate motives in the matter, is noticeably lukewarm toward the arrangement. Perhaps it savors a little too much of tying the British lion to Signor Mussolini's apron strings. According to the *New Statesman*, Sir Austen Chamberlain is said to be playing a shrewd game with the *Duce*. The hue and cry that has been raised brought 'both our Tsana water project and the Italian railway project out of their dusty pigeonholes, and in the end, it is predicted, we shall, while the Italians will not, overcome Abyssinian scruples.' The *Saturday Review* considers the whole affair a blunder. 'It is of course nonsense to suggest that we are trying to rush Abyssinia into giving concessions for the use of the water

Abyssinia

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of Lake Tsana without leaving her time to think the matter over, since we have been seeking such concessions for over twenty-four years. But even the least suspicious of native rulers would be alarmed by the correspondence which has passed between the Foreign Secretary and Signor Mussolini; and Ras Taffari has only to remember the history of Morocco to know that the pledges of the Great Powers are not always strictly observed, especially when economic needs, as in the present case, are in opposition to native independence.' *Rassegna Italiana*, an ardent Mussolini champion, is indignant at the aspersions made upon Italy's plans and policies, and asks: 'What other nation in Europe is as able to lift Abyssinia out of the poverty and the barbarism into which she has slowly sunk during centuries of incessant warfare — while at the same time respecting the independence of her Government? Certainly it is not England, whose vast Imperial edifice is crumbling of its own weight. Certainly it is not France, bereft of men and forced to regard her territories in Asia and Africa solely from the point of view of profit.'

India

The extent to which government in India has returned to its old channels with the subsidence of the Swarajist agitation is indicated by the firm attitude which the Viceroy has taken toward the Nizam of Hyderabad, a virtually independent ruler with a territory as large as Great Britain and a population of more than twelve millions. The British have called sharply to the attention of that monarch alleged defects in his administration, particularly corruption in the civil service and the financial oppression of his subjects, and have threatened to put British officials in charge if these abuses are not corrected. Nearly twenty-five years ago the Nizam's father ceded to Lord Curzon's Government the important province of Berar under a perpetual lease. The present ruler refuses to accept the lease as valid, and this may have something to do with the present controversy.

Ever since the war the Government of India has been struggling to stabilize the rupee. In 1920 its value was fixed at two shillings gold, upon the recommendation of a Commission; but with the disrespect which currencies often show for Government mandates, it promptly plunged to below its pre-war parity of 1*s.* 4*d.*, thereby inflicting heavy losses on the Indian Treasury, which vainly tried to check the fall. Now a new Commission, presided over by Mr. Hilton Young, the rising ex-Liberal who visited Poland a few years ago to show Warsaw how to manage its finances, has recommended a new stabilization level of 1*s.* 6*d.* The matter is of some importance to the Western industrial world, because the purchasing power of the silver-standard countries of Asia has been seriously lessened by the recent fall in the value of that metal.

China

Fighting continues as usual in China, where the Kalgan-Canton nationalists are apparently holding the Chang-Wu coalition in check, if not actually gaining ground against it. Chang Tso-lin, in an imprudently exhilarated moment, during a banquet given in his honor by the Japanese Governor in Port Arthur, blurted out his gratitude for the assistance he received from Japan last autumn. This has embarrassed somewhat the diplomats at Tokyo, who have solemnly assured the world that no such aid was granted. In any case, this is largely a matter of definition, and all the world knows where the sympathies of the Powers really are. More pertinent at the moment is the status of the Tariff Conference and the Extraterri-

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toriality Conference, both of which appear to be in a state of suspended animation. The *China Weekly Review*, which is not effusively friendly to Japan, reports that that country's dramatic offer to back China in a claim for tariff autonomy immediately after the Tariff Conference assembled had a string attached to it. Japan was willing to agree to autonomy if China would make a separate commercial treaty with her granting her goods lower rates of duty than imports from other nations. 'The proposed Sino-Japanese commercial treaty provided for articles of Japanese manufacture and origin to come to China for a period of ten years at tariff rates substantially the same as those now prevailing — otherwise, five per cent. If China would agree to this, Japan would then agree to support China in her desire for tariff autonomy. Had this thing gone through, China would have had the right to charge high duties on American, British, and European goods, but not the right to charge equally high rates on Japanese goods.' We do not see how such discrimination could have been put into practice in a world of most-favored-nation clauses without causing international complications; but such is the story.

The *Spectator*, after dwelling upon the futility of continuing negotiations either for tariff autonomy or for the abolition of extraterritoriality with the unstable and amorphous — or rather nonexistent — Government at Peking, believes the only thing to do is to go back to the Washington Conference, as offering the sole stable foothold in the present almost hopeless situation. 'The Quadruple Treaty of 1921 provided for further full and frank communications between the United States, the British Empire, France, and Germany, "to meet exigencies."' Believing that such exigencies have now arisen, it proposes a second conference, to be held either at Washington or at Peking or Shanghai, to consider anew the whole situation in that country. The Japanese press continues to be preoccupied almost entirely with domestic political and economic problems of little world moment.

Latin America

Latin America as a factor in world affairs is just now limited largely to Mexico. Our military treaty with Panama has been featured in some transatlantic papers as a departure from our traditional policy of avoiding military alliances; and the failure of the Tacna-Arica plebiscite is a source of ill-disguised satisfaction, especially in France and Italy, where it is regarded as a setback for Yankee diplomacy in a Latin continent. Brazil's withdrawal from the League, to be sure, implies a certain loosening of her ties with Europe; but the Argentine President's decision to send delegates to the next League Assembly, even without the authority of Congress, is looked upon as partial compensation for this action. Some transatlantic countries would like to see us pull their chestnuts out of the fire in Mexico; but most foreign comment on the situation there is reserved. Naturally, the anticlerical press in France and the Radical press throughout the Continent is pro-Calles, while the sympathies of Conservative organs are for the most part with the Church.

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AMERICA'S FORFEITURE OF FAR EASTERN LANDS[1]

BY WALTER ROBB

If, seeking the grotesque in statecraft, one sits down to thumbing the old records of America in Eastern Asia — and what remarkable records they are! — one finds that imperialism and altruism, as the terms are nowadays applied to the Philippines question, are of no recent birth; they are old, they antedate steam upon the Pacific by more than a decade. Avowing altruism, imperialism has in general been practised; that is to say, altruism, however sternly espoused, has not been *altogether* capable of arresting the natural expansion of the United States in the Far East. It has, however, succeeded in bringing about national sacrifices there of colossal magnitude.

It is hardly arresting to the attention to recall that in 1898 Commodore George Dewey left Hongkong before 4 P.M. April 25, as the British Government, having determined upon neutrality in the struggle between Spain and America, requested he should. Everybody knows this. But it is arresting to the attention to recall that when he left Hongkong he had absolutely no place to go but to Manila; and there, to make a place for his fleet, it would be necessary first to destroy the Spanish fleet, for we had not a naval rendezvous in the whole Far East! Our Far Eastern fleet measured eighteen thousand tons; England's, Germany's, and Japan's were each three times that. We had commercial interests in Manila; our withdrawal from Far Eastern waters, in time of war, would have been the signal for these interests to be attacked and annihilated. The providence, so called, of the situation has been romanticized, and still finds bombastic utterance upon formal and informal occasions. Yet the hand of Providence was not at the helm. *Compulsion* drove Dewey to Manila. It was either that or show the white feather on the high seas.

This was due to the fact that for fifty years we had been forfeiting territory in the Far East, until we had none: Honolulu would have been Dewey's first available rendezvous, the first station at which he might legally bunker his ships.

The explanation is that our State department consistently refused, as it still does, to view political policy and commercial policy in the Far East as a single unit. It therefore happens that America owes far more to the vision and enterprise of half a dozen distinguished naval officers than to forty congresses and sixteen presidents.

We reproduce with this comment a copy of the first treaty America ever made in the Far East. It was with the Sultan of Sulu, and was effected by Commodore Charles Wilkes, commanding the first United States naval exploring expedition, sent out during the administration of President Van Buren. It will be seen that this treaty was for the purpose of fostering commerce. It was agreed, too, that at least three ships of ours should call yearly in Sulu; there were well-defined

[1] From the *American Chamber of Commerce Journal* (Manila trade monthly), *July*

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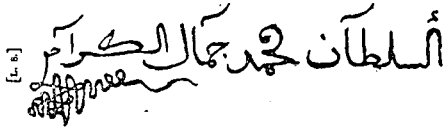
obligations upon our part as well as upon the Sultan's. This was in 1842.



I, Mohamed, Sultan of Sooloo, for the purpose of encouraging trade with the people of the United States of America, do promise hereby and bind myself that I will afford full protection to all vessels of the United States, and their commanders and crews, visiting any of the islands of my dominions, and they shall be allowed to trade on the terms of the most favoured nation, and receive such provisions and necessaries as they may be in want of.

2dly. In case of shipwreck or accident to any vessel, I will afford them all the assistance in my power, and protect the persons and property of those wrecked, and afford them all the assistance in my power for its preservation and safe-keeping, and for the return of the officers and crews of said vessels to the Spanish settlements, or wherever they may wish to proceed.

3dly. That any one of my subjects who shall do any injury or harm to the commanders or crews belonging to American vessels, shall receive such punishment as his crime merits.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, in presence of the datus and chiefs at Soung, island of Sooloo.

February 5th, 1842.

Witnesses.

CHARLES WILKES,
Commanding Exploring Expedition.

WILLIAM L. HUDSON,
Late commanding U. S. Ship Peacock.

R. R. WALDRON,
Purser, U. S. Exploring Expedition.

In 1840 Wilkes had effected a survey of the Fiji Islands, which became a British colony in 1874. They are on the route between Australia and Panama. They extend from 15 degrees to 20 degrees south latitude, lie along the 180 meridian, the international date line, comprise two hundred and fifty islands, eighty of which are inhabited, have an area of 7435 square miles, and are 'the most important archipelago in Polynesia' — that is, in the Pacific Islands from the American coast north and south of the equator as far as the 180 meridian. Wilkes reported faithfully upon the advisability of securing them; they were thrown at our head in the middle fifties of the last century, and at England's as well. We dodged; England did n't.

Rudyard Kipling reminds us that

> Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
> But over the scud and the palm trees an English flag was flown.

It is not a little surprising to learn how like the English the American flag has been in this respect, but the enterprise of our sailors has not been appreciated in Washington, while the enterprise of British sailors has always been appraised at its full value in Downing Street.

It is so much better, of course, for our parlor societies to believe that the Fijians, swept into the stream of modern events whether they would or no, are better off under another nation than under ours. It only happens that it is n't true: altruism is a notorious misnomer. Fiji might have been our southern outpost in the Asiatic Pacific. It is n't.

Move forward twelve years. Perry goes to Japan, he concludes a treaty with her. Apparently it is not so advantageous as the one Caleb Cushing and Dr. Peter Parker concluded with China in 1844, but it is based upon the fundamental truth that our commercial and political interests are one; and so it gets, in time, much further than the Cushing Treaty. Visiting Yedo, Perry makes rendezvous in a harbor of the largest of the Nansei Islands, which he proposes to hold for the United States — by force if need be. He finds himself so well received in Japan that belligerency is not required; the Nansei harbor could be held. It is n't. Washington declines the responsibility. Perry chafes, but is impotent.

Move forward seventeen years. Events have progressed in China as well as Japan. China has never conformed to her treaty agreements, made one after another. Our navy has been at various times employed. Taiwan, Formosa, is the wild habitat of savages

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and renegade Chinese, warring upon one another and upon all who touch the miserable coasts — often driven there by storms; so that every man of one of our ships has been wantonly and brutally murdered. Our flag goes up at Takao, stays there for one year. Commodore Armstrong is on the job. Coal is required for the new steamship line across the Pacific, and Formosa has coal superior to that brought out in the clippers. Six thousand tons a year are contracted for, at seven dollars a ton, and only three hundred tons secured, ere China, by a gesture curious enough in a friendly nation, stops delivery.

China has committed excesses enough, and Formosa is naught but a no man's land in the midst of treacherous seas and pillaged by treacherous men. Portugal has had it, Spain has had it, Holland has had it, and since 1682 it has been nominally under China, which gives it no attention and will not be responsible for its repeated violations of international law. Yet we do not hold Formosa, and in one year our flag comes down — by order of Washington.

When some shipwrecked Japanese are murdered, Japan overruns Formosa, in 1874, and keeps the island until China salves the hurt with a half-million taels. In 1895 Japan comes again, and her sovereignty is permanently established. It is much better, is it, for Formosa to be under other rule than ours? 'A more debased population could scarcely be conceived. The aborigines, *Sheng-fan*, or wild savages, deserved the appellation in some respects, for they lived by the chase and had little knowledge even of husbandry; while the Chinese themselves, uneducated laborers, acknowledged no right except that of might.'

It is possible, nevertheless, for some persons to contend that God gave Formosa to such people. Would it be sacrilegious to remark that, if He did, the Devil has triumphed, for Japan has certainly taken Formosa away from them; and what part of it they shall finally retain they will retain by changing their ways.

The *Financial and Economic Annual of Japan* for 1925 lists the following Formosan minerals now yielding millions of wealth to the world yearly: gold, silver, coal, copper, petroleum. The Formosan sugar crop in 1924 was 452,210 metric tons, exceeding any sugar crop ever grown in the Philippines. Even the jute crop was nearly 4000 tons. The revenue from taxation was 87,008,171 yen. The value of the overseas trade in 1924 was 384,700,000 yen, or half that sum in American dollars. Formosa exports annually more than 5,000,000 kilogrammes of tea, and America is of course the chief purchaser of this product.

In our eagerness to reach Formosa we overlooked Borneo. We might have established in North Borneo under the Wilkes Treaty of 1842. Consul Moses, at Brunei, actually obtained a concession in 1867, four years prior to the British, but he could not retain it because he had no support from Washington. It was nothing for America to occupy the lands of civilized Indians, for the very legitimate purpose of making farms out of hunting grounds; but it would, it seemed, be dreadful to make tropical Borneo habitable and productive. The job was left to the British, as usual, and they have at last begun on it in earnest.

'In 1872 the Labuan Trading Company was established in Sandakan, the fine harbor on the northern coast which was subsequently the capital of the North Borneo Company's territory. In 1878, through the instrumentality of Mr. (afterward Sir) Alfred Dent, the Sultan of Sulu was induced to transfer to a syndicate, formed by Baron

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Overbeck and Mr. Dent, his possessions in North Borneo, of which, as has been seen, he had been from time immemorial the overlord. Early in 1881 the British North Borneo Provisional Association, Limited, was formed to take over the concession which had been obtained from the Sultan of Sulu, and in November of that year a petition was addressed to Queen Victoria praying for a royal charter. It was granted, and subsequently the British North Borneo Company, which was formed in May 1882, took over, *in spite of some diplomatic protests on the part of the Dutch and Spanish Governments.*'

In the darkest jungle of North Borneo — which, by the way, is a territory of 31,000 square miles, immensely rich, and within sight of America's southern Philippine boundary — there are peoples so primitive that they will not ford a stream, even if no more than ankle deep. By some occult process of romantic reasoning, such peoples are supposed, in altruism, to have heaven-bestowed inalienable rights to run wild and nude — into the very gates of eternity; and the jungle is to be preserved for them. Unfortunately for the ideals of picturesque savagery that lurk in the back of all our brains, the British, for example, don't see things in this light.

Without profiting from North Borneo in any way whatsoever, America still has the deil's own time about the place. For it *belongs* in fact to the realm of the Sultan of Sulu, who is our subject — whether the Constitution permits it or not. The rest of his territory is United States territory. What of North Borneo? A pretty question is presented, one to drive an altruist quite mad; for there is no altruism about it, and his deeding over lands and people alike was a thoroughly cold-blooded act.

'Whereas, we have seen fit to grant to our trusty and well-beloved friends' (Sri Paduka Maulana Al Sultan Mahomet Jamal Al Alam Bin Al Marhon Sri Paduka Al Sultan Mahomet Fathlon Sultan of Sulu and its dependencies informs 'all nations of the earth whom these matters may concern') 'certain portions of the dominions owned by us comprising all the lands on the north and east coast of Borneo . . . we do hereby nominate and appoint the said Baron de Overbeck supreme and independent ruler of the above-named territories, with the title of Datu Bandahara and Rajah of Sandakan.' He goes on to bestow absolute power, more than Rome ever assumed, over subject and soil, and to make the Baron's rights inheritable and perpetual (upon the company's agreeing), 'this twenty-second day of January, A. D. 1878, at the palace of the Sultan, at Lipuk, in the island of Sulu.'

The Sultan was under duress. The Spanish campaigns for Christendom had despoiled his realm in the Philippines with steamships and heavy cannon. It is recorded that not a house was left whole anywhere on Jolo. As the country had thus been ruined, fields and homes alike, the royal revenues were sorely depleted. To recoup the Islamic bourse, therefore, the Sultan made the deal with the British.

The price is $5000 Mexican annually, and the Sultan goes each year to Sandakan to collect it. He is royally received, accorded a salute of twenty-one guns, the sovereign's salute, and lodged in a palace. He is reported fond of gaming; his subsidy is said always to remain in Sandakan, a forfeit to a royal good time, wherein he has received many royal courtesies, but no royal flushes.

He, too, would like to remain in Sandakan; and there's the rub. He is our Sultan, Sandakan's sovereign. The situation is complicated in the extreme.

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A few years ago he quite overstayed his leave, so to speak, in Sandakan, and it was necessary to send a ship and induce him to return to Jolo.

But what has been the actual status of North Borneo since 1922, is the real question. The Sultan claims that the original agreement, of which duplicate copies were made in the Sulu language, was dated, and that it was for only fifty years. Hence, being made in 1872, it expired in 1922. Therefore, have we vicariously acquired North Borneo? — though certainly unintentionally, as we once refused to have it, and permitted Moses's trading company, established at Kimanis, to fall before the bluster of more avid interests.

Now the Sultan lost his copy of the agreement; the *lontar* and the *tarsila* records were burned in the war with Spain in the later seventies. The other copy is locked securely up in the vaults of the company's London offices! The Sultan frets, is anxious and restless; we have the trouble of calming and controlling him, but no thanks for doing it.

Space does n't admit of going on to any detailed mention of our relinquished concession in Shanghai, or our possession at various times of various of the Caroline Isles in Micronesia. We did, with the Philippines, acquire some potential coaling stations and naval bases, but we constantly romanticize and speak of giving them up. Our real troubles, real difficulties, real adverse trade balances, arise, of course, from not holding on; but the people, at election time, respond to poetic ideals more quickly than to prosaic facts, — it is always easier to be bombastic than to be downright honest, — and so we go on talking of withdrawal from the Philippines.

Meanwhile we are quite indifferent toward our recognized treaty boundaries. Two foreign flags fly within the Philippines, both at eminently strategical points. The Dutch flag is over Las Palmas Island, where, for a nation that might become unfriendly, to establish a base would be all but fatal to the defense of Davao Gulf, where we obtain our best Manila hemp and a goodly portion of our copra. The Dutch flag is a friendly flag, yet it has no place over our domain. The British flag, too, is friendly. However, by what right does it fly over the Turtle Islands, off Sandakan? It does, though the British Foreign Office knows, and frankly admits, the Turtle Islands are ours, being within the treaty boundaries of the Philippines. No objection could possibly be made were we to hoist our own flag and request that the other be taken down. But we don't seem to bother; we just let such things go. A little matter of assertion of sovereignty, what is that for America to do? And finally, would it be altruistic? If it were not *that*, it might not be popular in campaigns.

Perry conceived a dispersed America in the Far East, not mere trading posts and naval stations. He had the logic of history behind him in this. Portugal was the first of the Westerns out to the East, and clung to the trading post notion, — posts and treaties, — an idea that, somewhat mutated by time, Washington seems to favor. But as soon as Portugal lost control of the seas, she was through in the Far East. The British settlements, on the contrary, have weathered many threatening days. It is Britain herself that is dispersed in the East: there is a leaven to savor the loaf, though the mead itself be foreign.

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DEFENDING A DICTATOR[1]

BY THEODOR BERKES

LAST night thirteen scaffolds were erected here in Smyrna — thirteen scaffolds in the flower-decked square in front of the white Government House; thirteen scaffolds from which the corpses of men who yesterday were still alive, enjoying the hot morning sun and the fresh sea wind, are now dangling; thirteen white gallows faintly perceptible in the darkness, like pale nocturnal spectres.

It was an oppressively quiet night. The broad burned district, which divides the city into two isolated fragments, lay wrapped in mysterious obscurity. The sea murmured and occasionally tossed a dash of spray on the stone quay. Bayonets glittered. Since midnight the district around the Government House had been cut off from the rest of the city. No one was permitted to enter or leave that quarter. Why? The suspicious Turkish sentry scowled as his only answer. Who were you to question the authorities? Obey!

Past midnight. The clock in the tower strikes one. A group of Turks sit with crossed legs in the black shadow of a row of houses, as silent as if they were praying to Allah. The air seems heavy, like an asphyxiating gas — a political choke-gas that grips the throat. Darkness, impenetrable darkness, on every side, except here and there the dim glow of a street light. Silent shadows move behind the line of gendarmes. A couple of sharp axe-strokes suddenly break the stillness. Something white rises yonder in the middle of the street. A ghostly triangle — a scaffold.

So it is about to happen. A hadji in a white turban, who crouches on the pavement at a street corner, bows his head thrice to the ground, with his hand over his heart, his mouth, and his forehead. His face is haggard and drawn. Yesterday the court appointed to try those accused of high treason passed death sentences upon more than a dozen men. Those sentences are to be carried out to-night, less than eight hours after they were delivered. Among those who are to die are former cabinet ministers, a general, high army officers, several members of Parliament. It is a political punishment. The Ghazi has not shown mercy, as many hoped.

Half-past two. The thirteen gallows are ready, and silence again reigns behind the line of sentries — the silence of a graveyard. Minutes elapse. Ten. Twenty. Far up the narrow alley on the right, where the little Oriental Hotel Gafarsach stands, lights glitter. On the corner in front of the hotel, which looks like a small private house and where four weeks ago two of the conspirators were captured, it was planned to murder Kemal Pasha. An automobile descends the narrow street, carrying a man in shackles between soldiers with drawn bayonets. The glare of the approaching headlights strikes the gallows. They stand like a line of pyramids, each made of three white beams. A little cluster of policemen and gendarmes is grouped around them.

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *July* 23

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Gypsies — brought into town for the purpose — seize the shackled prisoner, drag him out of the automobile, and stand him on a stool under a gallows. A white shirt is drawn over the man's garments, and he looks in the darkness like a harlequin on Ash Wednesday. A noose dangles from the point of the pyramid just above the head of the prisoner. A hadji, now kneeling in front of the gallows, redoubles the fervor of his devotions, whereupon the chained man straightens up and shouts 'Allah!' — shouts the word gayly and defiantly.

I recognize the man by his voice. He is Sia Surshid, a naval engineer who studied in Germany, still a young, vigorous fellow, thick-set, with a mane of bushy black hair and a round chubby face. He boldly declared before the judges who tried him that he had been planning to kill the Ghazi for more than a year. An odd character, this Surshid. When, after the discovery of the conspiracy, the Ghazi summoned him into his presence, he disclosed all the details of the plot — not to betray his friends or to save his neck, but simply to gratify his personal vanity, to show the dictator that he had no fear.

So here on this little stool, under the dangling noose, that trifling episode in history is to end. The prisoner, knowing his fate is inevitable, takes it philosophically — indeed, with a sort of theatrical cheerfulness. 'Hurry up!' he bids the gypsy. And as the noose falls about his neck and the gypsy is about to pull the stool from under his feet, he adds more soberly, 'I refuse to live longer in a country where there is no freedom.'

The morning sun has risen, flooding with gold the sea and the ships in the harbor, and the barren mountains of the Gulf of Smyrna. People flock down the quay, curious to see what happened during the night in the square before the Government House, where shade trees and pines and green fan-palms rise above bright flower beds gay with blossoms. Men, women, and children are in the crowd. The men are serious, downcast, and pale, as if they felt a noose tightening around their own necks; but the women, some wearing black veils and some with uncovered faces, are unconcern itself. Many laugh the contented, merry laugh of delighted children welcoming a new excitement.

It is no gallery of handsome portraits that hangs from this row of gallows extending at regular intervals of fifty paces from Government House Square to Kemmer Alti. Strangling makes men look ugly, and spares neither the beauty of youth nor the dignity of age. Only a few steps from the marble stairs of Government House hangs Chukri Bey, a former Minister of Education. He was one of the conspirators, although he denied it up to his last breath, in order to protect his fellow plotters. He faced the tribunal, broad-shouldered and proud, with all the dignity of a statesman. There was nothing theatrical in his demeanor. He was neither defiant nor subservient, and did not try to mitigate his sentence by confession. The criminal underlings hired to do the assassins' job — thick-lipped Ismael and servile Yussuf — imagined to the last that if they made a clean breast of everything the Ghazi would pardon them. The prosecuting attorney and the judges merely laughed at their plea. Now these men, who betrayed their oath and told everything, swing in their nooses no more and no less repulsive than Chukri, who kept his faith. What do past services amount to when our political enemies have the upper hand? Chukri did plead before the court that when he was the Young Turk Minister of Public Instruction he provided facilities for thousands of young people to

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get an education; that he had cared for the war orphans; that he was the first Turkish cabinet officer to admit women to the government service; and that he had established six girls' schools in Constantinople alone. But what did that avail him? A wave of the hand from the judges' bench, and his case was settled.

Indeed, this ex-minister was doubly punished, for he was physically as well as politically a weighty person. The first time the stool was jerked from beneath his feet the rope broke and Chukri fell to the ground. The second time the whole scaffold collapsed. Yet, during all this torture, he did not lose his composure, merely murmuring, 'You seem to be making a hard job of it.'

Rudshi Pasha, a general, proved of less stern stuff than Chukri the educator, both during his trial and at the hour of death. He wrote the Ghazi a long letter promising to be loyal to him. He wrote also to the judges, when the prosecuting attorney demanded that he be punished with imprisonment at hard labor for life, pleading, 'Anything but that! That would be worse than death. Banish me to the worst corner of Anatolia, and I promise never to engage in politics again.' The judges took him partly at his word, and sentenced him to death instead of life imprisonment. Now he hangs here — the man who all his life was a bitterer enemy of the Armenians than he ever was of the Ghazi. He has now suffered the same fate as Talaat Pasha, who tried to exterminate the Armenians. At the gallows he wept and protested his innocence; but his death was easier than that of Chukri.

The most conspicuous gallows is that of sleek, black-bearded Hafis Mehmed, who was at one time a member of the Angora Cabinet — in fact, Kemal Pasha's Minister of Justice. Striking reminder of the fact that none of us is safe from the scaffold! But what a paradoxical thing is our justice, which we personify to-day in the man whom we hang from the gallows to-morrow! Hafis Mehmed must have thought of this during his last moments, for as the noose was dropped over his head directly in front of the main entrance of Government House he exclaimed that a nation cannot live without justice.

But the most picturesquely placed scaffold is that of Jambolat, a member of Parliament from Constantinople, which stands on the quay at the point from which there is the most beautiful view over the Gulf of Smyrna. When Jambolat was led to his gallows he turned for a moment toward the harbor and seemed contented with his lot. He was a serious young man, very slender and dark, and looking extremely like a Western European. With the cool self-possession which he had shown throughout the trial, he took his place under the noose and died without uttering a word or making a gesture.

Not far from him hangs Halis Turgut, a member of Parliament from Sivas; and just beyond him two colonels sway lightly in the morning breeze — Kassin of the Veterinary Service, who simply stammered in defense, 'What can I say?' and Exif of the General Staff, who chased away the hadji who tried to recall his thoughts to Allah.

When they came to hang Chopur Hilmi, a former officer, another harrowing incident occurred. In his case likewise the rope broke, and as he lay prostrate on the earth beneath the scaffold he exclaimed, 'There, you see, I 'm innocent.' Abeddin, the member of Parliament from Magnesia, shook his head in a bewildered way and protested, 'No, I 'm not a man to end thus.' Now his bushy blue-gray hair waves in the wind, and his tall stalwart figure almost touches the ground.

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Ismael and Yussuf, the men hired to throw the bombs, made a miserable scene at the time of their execution, wailing, weeping, and crying: 'The Ghazi has forgiven us! Allah, Allah, Allah! You are mistaken.'

Calmest of all was Colonel Edib, whom the people called *Sari Efe*, or 'the fair-haired hero.' All his life he had been a valiant *comitadji* leader, a national fighter, and had put many of his enemies out of the way. As he gazed around at the dim line of gallows he said: 'I see that I am to die with my friends. Those are last honors enough.' When the gypsy adjusted the noose around the neck of Hurshid, he exclaimed, in a clear, strong voice: 'I knew what I was doing. It is an honor to die for an ideal. What an exhilarating death!'

Thirteen scaffolds stand in Smyrna, and to the white harlequin robes of the bodies that swing from them are attached white placards bearing a proclamation beginning, 'In the name of Allah,' and stating that the person was hanged because he planned to assassinate 'the beloved savior of our country' and to overthrow the Government.

MY VISIT TO RUSSIA[1]

BY ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P.

By what standards are we to judge the Moscow of to-day? The standard of pre-war Moscow? The standard of a Western European capital? It is really impossible to say. Allowance must be made for the havoc wrought by war, famine, pestilence, and revolution. Also for the fact that Moscow is to-day — if it has not always been — an Oriental city. But when all is said and done, the people do not enjoy a degree of comfort, a standard of life, which we in this country should consider tolerable. Moscow is clearly better off to-day than two years ago. But it is no advertisement for Communism.

The first glimpse of the crowded streets — of strange people jostling each other in their efforts to avoid annihilation by motor-cars which dashed along at a pace calculated to turn the most intrepid Parisian taxi-driver green with envy, to the accompaniment of ear-splitting hoots, exceeding in pungency and horror anything the Italians can produce — was exciting. Everywhere the Tatar type predominated, and the quaint and varying headgear which surmounted their flat Mongolian features added to the strangeness of the scene. Luxurious taxis for foreigners, uncomfortable taxis for Bolshevist officials, filthy droshkies driven by filthy old men, peasant carts carrying their produce to market, with here and there the Rolls-Royce of a Commissar — of such is the traffic.

There are shops, — rather rich shops, — but nobody ever seems to buy anything in them. Perhaps they are just for show. The petty trading is done chiefly in the bazaars, which resemble

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *July* 3, 10, 17

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those of any other Oriental town, and by means of street peddling. To drive in a droshky is an agony. To drive in an ordinary taxi is little better. For the paving of the streets is abominable and the risk of death by capsizing or by collision is definitely too high. Little electric trams run about and are always packed, but they have an unfortunate habit of hurtling downhill and staggering up, so that the wary traveler will probably come to the conclusion that it is both safest and cheapest to commit his or her body to one of the six hundred Leyland buses, if it is essential to commit it to something. These buses give one a thrill of national pride. They are so competent and British, and, sailing majestically through the turmoil, contrive to assume an air of conscious superiority.

The Kremlin, to anyone who sees it for the first time, is impressive. Under the present régime it is almost overwhelming, for the Bolsheviki know how to get their effects. We saw it first at dusk, when the famous wall which surrounds it assumes gigantic proportions. Behind, the spires of a hundred churches were faintly discernible in the twilight. In front, the sentries. And surmounting all, illuminated by electric light, there hung listlessly a red flag — the symbol of power in Russia to-day.

A few days later we were taken round the Kremlin, and stood upon a terrace overlooking the river, winding its way through the city and beyond. Moscow lay at our feet, and over Moscow a haze shimmered in the afternoon sun. A bell rang out; then another; and suddenly the whole air seemed to be filled with the sound of many bells merging themselves into a single vibrant note. The scene was memorable, and the city resembled Fez in the poignancy of its beauty.

In front of the Kremlin stands the shrine of Lenin, in which the body of the Dictator lies embalmed. At certain times the crowd passes through to pay homage to the creator of Russian Communism. Within a few hundred yards, at the entrance to Red Square, there is another shrine — the shrine of the Iberian Virgin. Here candles burn day and night, and here also many persons may be seen on their knees crossing themselves. 'Religion is the opiate of the people,' according to the Soviet authorities, who have placarded the city with this and similar information. But the campaign against Christianity has failed. The priests may have been killed. The churches remain. Once more the choirs sing, the candles are lit, the devout pray. Religion, the Bolsheviki have found, is a force to be reckoned with.

On May Day they held a great military review in Red Square. Bands played and the red flags waved as 'Budeny's' cavalry clattered past the Lenin shrine where stood Voroshilov, the Commander-in-Chief, and Stalin, 'the man of to-day,' pale and sombre. Overhead the airplanes roared, and one wondered what the effect of it all would have been on some of our Labor pacifists. However, none was there — only four Tories and a Liberal. Some fifteen thousand troops took part, and there was a crowd — ruthlessly controlled by military police — of about the same number. At the conclusion of the review began the Grand March Past of the be-bannered comrades, which continued, without a moment's cessation, all day, amid great shouting and a prolonged, discordant wail from microphones dotted all over the town.

How many of the comrades took part in this wearisome affair of their own free will no one could say. Some of them looked bored to distraction. But the children at least seemed to be enjoying themselves, and most of

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them looked remarkably fit. What is going to be the effect of a Communist education upon these children when they grow up? That is one of the riddles of the future, and the answer to it may well be fraught with danger.

With the exception of a few vagrant children — pathetic little figures huddled together on the pavement — there were no visible signs of destitution or of starvation. Some of the housing conditions were deplorable, especially among the survivors of the *ancien régime*. But against this must be put the comparative cleanliness of the streets, and the total absence of disorder. It is possible to walk about Moscow at all hours of the night in perfect safety.

And the people? One could make nothing of them. After all these years they might have been expected to take some interest in foreigners — to stare, perhaps to laugh, at us as we passed. On the contrary, they were courteous, but displayed no curiosity whatsoever. Beneath their masklike countenances it was impossible to detect any emotions. Only there was an inward brooding look in their eyes. Of what were they thinking? Obviously they were sad — but then they have always been sad. Were they desperately unhappy? Did they loathe, tolerate, or approve of the system under which they lived? Probably they did not know, and would have answered if questioned, 'It is inevitable. It is no great matter (*nichevo*).' Even the prisoners we sometimes saw being marched through the streets by armed guards of that monstrous G. P. U. seemed hardly concerned. Only in the opera house or the concert hall did one catch a glimpse of the soul of the people. There the audiences listened to music with a kind of savage intensity.

One evening at the opera they were doing *Prince Igor;* a lot of funny little Frenchmen, a Communist delegation of some sort or another, began to chatter toward the end of the first act. They were not hissed. But the audience concentrated upon them a kind of dull, resentful hostility, appalling in its silent force. They chattered no more. Another night, the Moscow symphony orchestra gave a Scriabin concert in the conservatorium. A grave young man called Sofranilsky played the concerto for piano and orchestra with a restrained passion and power that were impressive. But during the *Poème de l'Extase*, which was superbly played, the audience was simply transported, and the sense of rhythm, surging through the hall, became almost intoxicating. It would be true to say that in Russia music is the opiate of the people. Listening to it, they forget politics, anxieties, fears. For the time, nothing else matters.

One thing they have accomplished, and that is the sweeping away of class distinctions, as we understand them. True, there is a sort of bureaucratic bourgeoisie composed of government officials. But no classes. Only a thousand types. And a thousand contradictions — which render any sweeping judgments on Moscow, or indeed on Russia, quite ludicrous. All opinions are open to the fiercest criticism, and practically none can apply to the situation as a whole. I remember one evening going for a long walk outside the city. The setting sun lit up and burnished the domes of the churches. From a thousand mastheads the red flag flew. And for every flag there glittered a challenging golden crucifix. A strange contradiction, and significant of the Russia of to-day.

Of all the astonishing experiences we underwent in Moscow, the one which stands out most vividly in my mind was an interview one evening in the Kremlin with Radek.

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Radek (or Radek-Sobelsohn, as Professor Sarolea prefers to call him) was Lenin's right-hand man. In almost every extant photograph of the Dictator his grinning features may be observed somewhere in the background. As Director-General of Propaganda he was perhaps the third most important man in Russia, and at one period, in conjunction with Zinoviev, he shaped the policy of the Third International. Concentrating his activities on the 'eastern' front, Radek conducted with singular determination and consistency a violent campaign against Great Britain, which culminated in the now famous Congress of Baku, held in the summer of 1920.

That Congress, which consisted of the most amazing polyglot riffraff of the Oriental world, issued a manifesto in which the 'iniquities' of British policy throughout the East were dwelt upon at considerable length. It purported to describe how we had 'transformed' the millions of Indian workers into dumb beasts of burden, filled the prisons of Constantinople with Turkish 'patriots,' and, in China, had exploited a population of three hundred millions by poisoning them with opium. As a piece of propaganda it was not bad, but the 'resolutions' swearing undying hostility to British imperialism and urging the peoples of the East to rise against their oppressors, 'that nest of sea and land rovers,' were not unnaturally ineffective. It became painfully clear that the Congress of Baku, so far from achieving anything, had been in fact nothing more than a kind of jamboree with a considerable element of farce about it.

It was therefore decided to direct attention once again to the attainment of the social revolution in Europe, and this led to the downfall of Radek, who advised against an attempt at a coup d'état in Berlin in 1922, and is now considered to have been wrong!

This much I knew as I walked up to the gates of the Kremlin, where a curious incident occurred. A young soldier in uniform — he cannot have been more than seventeen — was leaning against the wall sobbing. I asked my interpreter what was the cause of this, for he looked wretched, and was told that he had walked twenty miles to see his leaders and was crying because he had been refused admittance to the Kremlin. From his gestures this appeared to be the truth of the matter, and the incident is significant as illustrating the irritation which one came across quite frequently at the aloofness of the Commissars. I put this point to one of them at a later stage, and he replied, somewhat conclusively, that, if he saw every soldier who demanded an interview, he would n't have much time for work.

After the usual botheration over passes, we were admitted by the sentries who guard the entrances to the Kremlin with fixed bayonets by day and night, crossed the drawbridge, and entered the Bolshevist Holy of Holies. The residences of the Soviet leaders are the long low white houses which were once occupied by the officials of the Imperial Court. I was conducted at once to Radek's apartments, which resembled those of a senior don at Oxford. He emerged out of a litter of books and papers, a remarkable figure.

Radek is a Jew, but he does not look it. Aged about forty, he is small and thin, wears large spectacles, and has a curious fringe of beard which gives him an extraordinary appearance. 'Allow me to congratulate you on your courage in coming to the country where we eat our young,' he remarked genially, sweeping me into an armchair and handing me a cigar.

Then began a séance which seems

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in retrospect to have been even stranger than it appeared at the time. Pacing up and down the room, and puffing large clouds of smoke from his cigar, Radek held forth for the best part of an hour upon every conceivable aspect of world politics. He spoke English with an accent, but with great fluency, and at a speed that took one's breath away, — and fortunately his now and then, — for it was the only thing that made him pause for a second. Occasionally he would abandon his pacing and sink into an armchair, brandishing a forefinger in my face in order to emphasize a particular point. I confined myself to suggesting subjects — there were none upon which he was not prepared to express a discursive and dogmatic opinion — and shunting him at intervals from one to another.

He began about England, and maintained that 'Baldwin is grossly underestimated as a world force.' With this assertion I was prepared to agree, and listened complacently enough while he propounded his theory that the Prime Minister, having grasped some of the fundamentals of modern industrial evolution, was one of the few men capable of steering Great Britain through the next ten years of industrial tension without catastrophe. 'He is a realist,' declared Radek, but added that he might be stultified by the 'reactionaries' with whom he had surrounded himself.

Upon Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on the other hand, he heaped scorn. He was an 'old-fashioned doctrinaire theorist' who would never do anything but hold things up. This was too much, from one who is notoriously the most rigid of a gang of doctrinaire theorists such as the world has never seen! But before I could protest, Radek was on to India, which he considered we 'ought now to hold for the next fifty years.' He put this down largely to Lord Reading, who was 'shrewd enough never to take decisions,' and added that Lord Lloyd, whom he calmly designated Lord Irwin's successor, should do very well in Egypt and India.

It is interesting to speculate as to the sources of Radek's information upon the subject of Lord Lloyd, concerning whose ability he was most emphatic. I asked him if he realized that if we left India to-morrow the whole country would speedily be reduced to chaos and shambles, owing to religious dissensions alone, quite apart from other causes. For answer he gazed out of the window, observing, 'Some people think the British have taken very good care to foment such dissensions.'

Anxious to avoid argument, I murmured something about China, and he at once broke into an excited dissertation upon the folly of British policy in the Far East. As soon as Germany had been deprived of her rights as a Treaty Power at Versailles, we should have renounced our rights also. As it was, Germany was capturing the trade. 'As far as we are concerned,' he said, 'we shall not cease to propound our policy. It is China for the Chinese. We ask no special rights for our subjects. If they go there they must submit to Chinese jurisdiction. We think you have no right to impose the terms you do upon the Chinese people, and shall continue to say so.'

It was tempting to point out that Chinese jurisdiction could hardly fail to be preferable to the Soviet variety, but the subject had already led him into the delicate field of propaganda, which he maintained — they all did — was conducted solely by the Third International. The Soviet Government would readily give undertakings with regard to the British Empire, including India. And as far as the Commintern was concerned they would be only too

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delighted to see it transferred to London 'if Sir Joynson Hicks would permit this.'

After discoursing at considerable length upon the subject of Anglo-Soviet relations, security for loans, and so forth, he concluded by recounting the problems of Great Britain to-day as they appeared to him. His ideas were novel and interesting. The Washington Conference was, he maintained, a turning-point in our destinies. Before that Conference we might have joined Europe in an economic alliance against the United States, and in the Far East have coöperated effectively with Japan, also against the States, and for the exploitation of China. This policy he thought might have been successful. Europe with our assistance might have freed herself from the death-grip of American finance, and have undercut the States in the markets of the world. Dominion pressure put a stop to all this, forcing a break with Japan and coöperation with the United States against our own interests. It remained to be seen whether this new policy was worth while. 'One thing,' he said, 'you will have to come to sooner or later is Protection. In the present economic organization of the world, Protection in some form is your only hope.'

Darkness began to fall and I rose to go. The tables in the room were covered with English newspapers. 'I read them to my Chinese students,' said Radek gleefully (he is head of the Oriental University). 'Some of them are better than any anti-British propaganda.' The thought of him laboriously translating the *Morning Post* to a number of Bolshevik-Chinese was entertaining. Mr. Gwynne would surely be delighted.

'What problems your people have!' were his final words. 'Your Imperial problem alone is vast in its scope and complexity. There is only one body of men in the world who will find themselves confronted by harder tasks during the present century than we have here — and that is the British Cabinet.'

Walking back to the hotel I found it difficult to believe that the little man who had talked so glibly and so eagerly, ranging over the whole field of politics, had been intimately associated with Lenin in all his work of destruction and of terror. Superficial, and slipshod in much of his thinking, Radek is obviously possessed of an intelligence of no ordinary calibre. In addition to his university work he directs the activities of the Soviet press, and is still consulted by the Government on matters of foreign policy, acting as a kind of intelligence officer.

I met him once again in the Kremlin just before we left Moscow, and after the general strike had broken out here. 'If you are a serious student of politics, you should go home at once,' he cried. 'It is more interesting now there than here. But make no mistake, this is not a revolutionary movement. It is simply a wage dispute. And I have instructed our press to keep calm.'

Reading the descriptions of the strike in the Soviet newspapers,— especially those relating to the departure of the bourgeoisie in battleships,— I wondered what would have happened if Radek had refrained from tendering them such soothing advice.

Imagination boggles at the thought.

It is worth while considering some of the conditions and forces which gave rise to the Russia of to-day. A hundred years of tyranny which for naked reaction and brutality stands unparalleled in all history. The pathetic and unequal struggle of Liberalism in the early part of the nineteenth century against a despotism which became increasingly intolerable as Western ideas

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infiltrated and began to fill the minds of the intelligentsia. The ultimate collapse of the Liberal reformers and the martyrdom of the men of letters, followed by the rise of Nihilism and the assassination of Alexander II. The inevitable reaction. The Japanese War of 1905. The military disasters of 1915 and 1916. The first Revolution and the folly of Kerenskii — 'that empty-headed windbag,' as one of his erstwhile supporters described him to me in Moscow. The second Revolution, with all the concomitant bloodshed and misery. Finally, complete social and economic collapse, pestilence, famines, and revolts, which produced the shambles through which the Bolsheviki at last climbed into power. Those who regard a Communist revolution in Great Britain as a possibility of the future would do well to remember the incredible series of catastrophes and blunders which alone rendered such a revolution possible in Russia.

It is a mistake to suppose that the present Soviet Government is composed solely of a gang of international Jews. Events in Russia certainly attracted many revolutionaries of the European underworld to Moscow, and places have been found for a number of them. But anyone who has read Turgenev's prophetic novel, *Fathers and Children*, will have no difficulty in detecting the real rulers of Russia. Bazarov has come into his own — Bazarov, Turgenev's master-creation, the scientist and nihilist, successor of the romanticists, who, denouncing alike faith, religion, art, the family, and social institutions, set himself to destroy all as the necessary preliminary to the discovery of Reality. It is on the face of it absurd to say that Communism has been imposed on Russia from without, when, in the year 1862, the character of Lenin was etched and his aims exposed by a great Russian writer with a hand that never faltered.

Bazarov is closely connected with the German school of scientists and with Marx, from whom he derived his immediate political faith, but he is in essence Russian, and the direct forerunner of the modern Russian Communist. Oblivious alike of praise or blame, his primary objective was to ascertain Truth in the wastes of destruction. 'We act by virtue of what we recognize as beneficial,' he observes, 'and at the present time negation is the most beneficial of all — and we deny — "Everything?" "Everything!"' Again, 'We suspect that perpetual talk about social diseases is not worth while, that it leads to nothing but superficiality, and pedantry: we see our leading men — our reformers — are no good: that we busy ourselves over foolery, talk rubbish about art, unconscious creativeness, parliamentarism, trial by jury, and the devil knows what all; while all the while it 's a question of getting bread to eat, while we 're stifling under these gross superstitions. . . .' And finally, the challenge 'to bring forward a single institution in our present mode of life, in family or in social life, which does not call for complete and unqualified destruction.' Bazarov, having contemptuously flung aside in turn friends, parents, and women in the pursuit of his sombre task, is laid low in the novel by his own dissecting knife. Lenin, his successor, achieved his work of destruction and died upon realizing the Truth for the discovery of which he had perpetrated such horrors, and upon which he had staked all.

I met, in Warsaw, a man who was a great friend of the doctor who attended Lenin during the last months of his life. He told me that Lenin died of despair because he knew that the constructive State he must build on the ruin he had created would differ so little from the

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State that had preceded it. He had carried the doctrines of Marx to their logical conclusion and reduced Russia to a slag-heap. The introduction of the New Economic Policy sounded the death-knell of Communism, and proved that it is impossible to apply the bare untempered mind of science to politics, which is, after all, an affair of human nature. He did it, and it was a huge thing to do, but it killed him. Herein lies, I believe, the key to the present Russian situation. There are still a number of idiots in Moscow who go on trying desperately to fit every problem into the 'class-war' formula. But they are a diminishing quantity. Zinoviev is the biggest of them, and he has gone. Every day the 'economic opportunists' are gaining ground. 'The Dictatorship of the Proletariat' is recognized by most people to be nothing more than an empty-sounding phrase.

You have in Russia to-day a tyranny such as you have always had, only less efficient than other tyrannies, because it still clings to a few economic fallacies. 'In many essential respects,' says Professor Sarolea, 'the Bolshevist Dictators are merely the continuators of the Tsars. Lenin was the lineal successor of Ivan the Terrible.'

Why we should have elected to turn the question of the internal condition of Russia to-day — perhaps the most complex and difficult subject in the world — into the shuttlecock of party politics in this country is an unexplained mystery. It is a senseless business, for in the first place the contradictions in Russia are so great and the changes so rapid that no one outside Moscow is in a position to know the facts, and in the second place the condition of Russia bears no relation whatsoever to our own problems.

The Soviet system of administration is one which no one outside a lunatic asylum could ever envisage as possible for this country. It is not Socialism as we understand Socialism. It is an iron dictatorship ostensibly in the interests of a purely hypothetical proletariat. The problems confronting the Russian Government are not our problems. An economic system which might be well adapted to their requirements would almost certainly be quite unsuitable for us. Why, therefore, argue in Parliament about the economic position in Russia? The only people who are really qualified to deal with this question are not politicians at all, but the industrialists and financiers who have to undertake such trade as may be available, and to bear the whole burden of risk. And we should do very much better if we confided the whole of this matter to the City without further ado, affording to our traders such assistance as they require, and removing the Russian issue forthwith from the agenda of our political parties.

There is, however, a second problem connected with Russia with which politicians are necessarily concerned — that of the attitude of the Soviet Government toward the British Empire. Undoubtedly they have violated the Trade Agreement over and over again. Of course, they control the Third International, and conduct a hurricane propaganda against us all over the world. When has a Russian Government not conducted propaganda against us? But that is no reason why we should either be afraid of them, or again turn the question into a party issue. It is difficult to understand the curious affection which the Labor Party seems to cherish for the Soviet Government. It is not reciprocated. The Bolsheviki regard Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his political associates with mingled contempt and distaste, and make no attempt to conceal it.

At the same time there is great dan-

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ger in the attitude of almost hysterical hostility toward Russia adopted in certain other quarters. It is an attitude neither shrewd nor courageous nor in accordance with traditional British policy. We have to consider our own interests. And we should be justified in breaking off all relations with the Soviet Government only as part of a diplomatic move to bring them a little more to their senses, with a view to subsequent negotiations for a better agreement.

For the fundamental fact about Russia to-day, outweighing all others, is that the present Government is a stable Government. It will change in the future as it has changed in the past, but it cannot now be violently overthrown. Upon that point I found that every impartial opinion worth considering was the same. Therefore, sooner or later, we shall have to come to some sort of terms with the Soviet Government. The Bolsheviki hold the country in an iron grip. They control an efficient army. Their methods are abominable, their economics unsound, and justice is nonexistent. But they have achieved some excellent administrative results — for instance, with regard to health. Financially they have succeeded in balancing a Budget of 4000 million roubles, and in carrying out vigorous and ruthless deflation to counter the shortage of foreign currency. There is, in short, no sign of collapse, political or economic. And further, there are indications that the economic opportunists are gaining ground at the expense of the intransigents.

Had Lenin lived I believe events would have moved faster. As it is, the confusion of thought that now prevails in Moscow is amazing. The prophet (Marx) was quite clear on the destructive side, but was distressingly silent about construction, and this is found very inconvenient! So the theories get thrown over one by one, in face of the arguments of men like Yurovskii and Scheinmann.

It may be said with truth that the economic situation changes from month to month, and almost from day to day, as one particular school of thought momentarily gains or loses, but that, on the whole, the changes are tending in the right direction.

Nothing, in my judgment, is better calculated to bring about an improvement in the state of affairs quicker than an increase of trade and closer contact between Russia and the outside world, for the ignorance which now prevails in authoritative circles in Moscow about other countries, and particularly Great Britain, is almost frightening. Many Communists still cling childishly to the delusion that a lot of people called, for no known reason, the 'Proletariat' are awaiting the summons to overthrow organized Governments all over the world. Stalin, sublimely ignorant, shuts himself up in the Kremlin and declines to see anyone. Litvinov firmly believes that Sir Austen Chamberlain spends his whole life in vain endeavors to form military alliances against Russia. Knowledge is the only thing to end this nonsense, and knowledge can be gained only by contact.

This contact must be made, in the first instance, by business men. The potentialities of Russian trade are unlimited, and the Soviet authorities are beginning to realize that it is with the bankers rather than the politicians that they must come to terms if they genuinely desire improved relations.

In the meantime the Government is surely adopting a wise course in affording to those who are courageously attempting to trade once more with Russia such facilities as are consistent with the national security.

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THEATRES THAT ARE DIFFERENT

BY PAUL SCHEFFER AND ARNALDO CIPOLLA

[We print below clever impressions — for we can hardly dignify them with the name of serious studies — of Asiatic theatres by a German and an Italian correspondent. The first, by Paul Scheffer, is from the *Berliner Tageblatt* of May 16; the second, by Arnaldo Cipolla, who has more recently visited Mexico, is from *La Stampa* of May 21.]

I. STAGE AND MUSIC IN JAPAN

At Osaka, a city typical of modern Japan but nevertheless saturated with old traditions, I chanced upon a characteristic marionette theatre hidden away amid a dense cluster of houses in a section of the town devoted to popular amusements, and close to a bazaar whose tiny booths were filled with cheap colored wares of celluloid and other Japanese gimcracks.

When I entered, a beautiful lady occupied the stage all alone. She was seated in front of a little mirror carefully painting and powdering her face, and penciling her eyebrows — those triumphal arches of Japanese beauty. A child came in — a tiny little tot — and was tenderly received by his sweet mamma. Clouds gathered. Two old men entered. The beauty was very cordial to one, but utterly scorned the other, who proved to be the brother of her deceased husband. Wrangling and tears. A stepchild story!

The public was completely carried away, and I was likewise. But what was my first impression when I entered? Two serious men wearing green kimonos with broad shoulder-pieces sat with perfectly expressionless countenances manipulating the little figures — about two feet high — on the stage. The heads of the men seemed unnaturally large by contrast. By their side crouched dark figures completely veiled, even their faces. But the two artists were so perfect in their profession, they handled their marionettes with such skill and feeling, that I immediately forgot their presence. They inspired the little puppets in their hands with the passion and suffering of actual life. The black-robed figures were their assistants. Every motion was noiseless, accurate, perfectly timed, and made with a certain dignity. Yet there was no attempt to conceal mechanism, as there is in Western countries. We could see just how it was done. A marionette nodded, rose angrily, glanced to one side, or seemed to laugh sarcastically. None the less, the illusion was perfect. The boundary between mechanism and life vanished.

What contrasts we witness in this country! A day or two later I attended an afternoon tea in the Imperial Hotel at Tokyo, in honor of the arrival of a great party of American tourists. Several Japanese ladies danced in their native garb, even to their peculiar sandals. No geisha could have gone through the old dances of the country more solemnly than these ladies did the fox-trot. And the Europeans tried to be equally correct and dignified.

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But Japan has a strong infusion of puritanism in its make-up, though the fact is artfully concealed. This puritanism is strongly nationalist, and nationalism is antiforeign. The morals of Japan must be protected against the barbarous immorality of the West. Japanese women must remain what they formerly were — modest, domestic, devoted to their children. What would it lead to if they were tempted by foreigners to take up the shameless dances of the West? Consequently discreet gentlemen appeared at the tea tables and inquired the names of the native ladies who had danced the fox-trot. They refused to explain the purpose of their inquiries, and immediately disappeared. But the following day the dance was not repeated.

Since the war, however, Japanese morals have been sadly undermined, principally by American films and easy money. So the honorable deputies have introduced a bill in Parliament to regulate morals. Even in liberal Osaka an ordinance has been passed forbidding the serving of intoxicating liquors at dances, and requiring the doors of all dance-halls to be kept wide open. This puritanism expresses itself in many ways. For example, in Osaka, which is paradoxically both ultranationalist and ultramodern, many a man will disconnect his radio the moment a piece of European music is played. Nevertheless, I heard a young Japanese woman at the Imperial Conservatory sing with brilliant technique and deep expression a selection by Hugo Wolf, and, when I requested it, one by Bach. The distinction between the East and the West momentarily vanished. The barrier between these two worlds, which we encounter, or imagine we encounter, hourly in the Orient, simply ceased to exist. This proved that the barrier is not insurmountable; but when it falls one hardly knows whether to be pleased or shocked.

I cannot conceive anything uglier, for example, than the native theatre at Tokyo which gives only European plays. The building itself is an example of primitive earthquake-proof architecture — plain, bare, dirty-gray reënforced concrete, without the faintest suggestion of elegance or comfort. I saw there Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* presented in a way that would have given the creeps to its irrepressible author. It was a hopeless hodgepodge of misconceptions regarding Europe. The historical costumes were caricatures,—red wigs for blonde hair,—and the actors had no conception of how to behave on the stage. When they were not speaking their hands hung down, with the little finger precisely at the trouser seam, like those of soldiers on parade. All that I learned from the play was that Japan is half the circumference of the globe from France. Not a single member of the troupe had ever been in Europe. The actors had learned what they knew of our continent out of books and newspapers, and assumed offhand that whatever amuses Westerners is typical of their civilization.

I reflected what vast effort, what arduous study and persevering zeal, this theatre represents, in the quest of something that its promoters and actors only vaguely comprehend. They are Japanese. What they seek is something different, as they imagine, from what they have — a roomier, loftier intellectual world and social life. They try to learn these things in the theatre. We attend a Western play to see ourselves reflected in a mirror, but the Japanese do so in order to gaze at something utterly exotic. Toller, Maeterlinck, Pirandello, Chekhov, the *Merchant of Venice*, have been given at this theatre.

Nevertheless, Japan is no ossified

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country, and constantly does the most unexpected things. Its people crave modernity. They are passing through the storm and stress of every youthful nation. If they want a realist and problem theatre, why don't they create a drama of their own, in which the Japanese of to-day can picture the conflicts and struggles of their complex lives? The sensible and methodical young Japanese of my acquaintance tell me that this will come. They have taken up the European theatre as something that ought to follow the European locomotive. They must do with the theatre what they did with the railway — first buy rolling stock, then learn to run it, then learn to build it, then learn to design new machinery for themselves, and at last master the whole theory and practice of transportation.

Japanese imitation has been marvelously successful, but hitherto it has copied only the exact, the scientific, the technical, and the comfortable things in European civilization. But now that the fourth generation since the Meiji era is knocking at the doors of Europe, it wants to do with the theatre what its grandparents did with machinery, and to borrow it in the same cool, calculating way as its elders did the locomotive. But I have my doubts.

Perhaps, however, I deceived myself as to there being a hard and fast boundary between what we can learn by rote and what we ascribe to the emotions and inspiration. The Japanese no longer come to us to learn how to build a bridge; they already know that. What they want from the West to-day is its theories. They are not prying into our laboratories, but into our brains from which these laboratories spring. They think they can discover the secret of European originality. We do not agree with the Japanese, however, as to what they can learn. Yet they have learned in the past more than we imagined could be taught. Perhaps, therefore, they are right in this case, and can learn how to write and act Western dramas, how the Western man thinks, how the Occidental author functions. If the Japanese should succeed in discovering the secret of creative writing, it will be the first truly profound discovery made in the New East.

Two days after witnessing *Saint Joan* I attended a 'No' play. This incarnation of exalted ennui, handed down from ancient times, dragged itself out before an aristocratic house of high officials, professional men, and army officers. All religion, when it is not religion, is a bore. Actors who pretend to be priests absorbed in worship, and who wear costumes that mean nothing to us except in church, acquire a touch of the burlesque. Many indescribably beautiful things are weirdly transported from their original secular setting and put down inside this frame of commonplace ritualism. There was a fisherman more appealing and true to life than Peter, for these actors have behind them an artistic tradition more than a millennium old. Some of them wore masks — priceless works of art — as a protest against the ordinariness of human life. Everything was set and formal, as it should be in the shadows of the gods. Each actor moved about the stage in ritual routine; he had a map of the stage, so to speak, in his brain; every move and gesture that he made, every intonation of his voice, was prescribed. There were figures which sat in one pose for an hour without moving, thus producing an indescribable impression of something mythical and magical. When the beautiful goddess for the fourth time made the eight prescribed steps to a prescribed position in the front corner on the left front of the stage, and turned for the fourth time at

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that spot and walked back diagonally across the scene, at each step carefully placing her toes down before her heels, simply to enliven a dialogue in which she repeated the same thing over and over, I, like any uneducated European, felt an irresistible desire to yawn. For the thousandth time the chorus leader gave a deep rumbling 'O-o-h!' rising to a half-stifled 'U-ue!' Whereupon the choir mercifully threw in a few cadences reminiscent of a Russian church chant. But the torture was soon over. Magic forms advanced with incredible silence down the flowery path, which in a No is a gallery in front of the wings, imperceptibly approaching the stage, as in the obscurity of a temple, and seeming the very embodiment of mystery and sanctity. I saw this procedure several times, and it always pleased me more than any other part of the play.

Liberal Japanese, of the modern and enlightened type, tell me that the people who attend No plays, and read their dialogues and choruses in wonderfully printed texts, cling to them out of principle, and not because they truly enjoy them. The No is a fashion, taken up largely to show that Japan is not forced to depend entirely on the West for her art. You meet the same spirit in China. But the masses go neither to *Saint Joan* nor to a No. They prefer the blood-and-thunder dramas of their truly excellent popular theatre.

II. THE PERSIAN THEATRE

MODERN Persian drama is less than a century old, but it has already exercised an important influence over the country's history. It deals with a single tragic theme, the martyrdom of the national hero Ali and his family, which is commemorated during the annual feast of Muharram, and it dates from the great religious revival inaugurated by the apostolate of Bab, who in turn died for the faith in 1850.

The story of Ali is familiar to many Christian readers. This son-in-law of the Prophet was assassinated at the mosque of Kufa in Mesopotamia immediately after his election as Caliph, leaving two sons, Hassan and Hussein. The second conspired against Yazid, the usurper of the throne, whose horsemen surrounded Hussein and his followers on the plains of Kerbela. Not daring to lay hands upon the descendant of Mohammed, however, they merely prevented him from reaching the Euphrates and thus doomed him and his attendants to die of thirst. Abbas, Hussein's uncle, tried to force a passage to the river, but was murdered, together with little Ali Akbar, Hussein's son. The remnants of the party made a sortie, carrying in their arms the body of Hussein's slaughtered son, but they were killed in turn at Yazid's feet. About the same time Hassan was murdered by his wife at Medina. Thus the last of the Prophet's descendants perished. Add to this story of slaughter and extermination the death of Mohammed himself and that of Fatima, and the other incidents that cluster around these memorable events, and you have the subject-matter of all modern Persian plays.

Consequently every theatrical representation is also a religious ceremony. When a member of a wealthy Persian's family falls seriously ill, the latter hastens to engage a theatrical troupe to perform a sacred drama; and if he cannot do so immediately, he makes a vow to fulfill this obligation at the earliest possible date. A theatrical patron, therefore, acquires the same merit that he would by a pilgrimage to Kerbela or Meshed. Pious people bequeath funds to the theatre; wealthy patrons take pride in supplying theatres with beautiful properties and decorations. One

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Persian has even conceived the idea of serving to those who attend drinks and ices cooled with snow from Mount Demavend, in honor of the martyr Hussein and his companions, who died from thirst in the desert of Kerbela; and another has left funds for perfumes to be sprinkled on the heads and beards and hands of the spectators.

Each representation invariably begins with a prayer recited by the leading actor, and closes with a little speech expressing loyalty to the Shah and thanking the organizers of the entertainment for providing the actors, and the public of both sexes for attending. These formalities succeed each other in the same order and in a rigorous diminuendo. 'O God!' says the chief comedian, 'never unclasp the hand of Victory, that entrancing fiancée, from the hand of Shah Pehlevi. May those who arranged for this mournful commemoration, and those who have come here to mingle their tears, be blessed by Thee, O our Lord, in memory of Mohammed. May the ladies be forgiven their sins in the name of Fatima, and may the men receive salvation through the merits of Ali Akbar. Grant to all the actors, O beneficient Lord, a long life.'

Besides being an outlet for their religious emotions, the theatre has hitherto been the best medium the Persians have had to express their national sentiment. In fact, the sufferings of the House of Ali are identified in the minds of the people with the tragedy of Persia herself. The martyrdom of Ali and his descendants symbolizes the martyrdom of subjugated Iran, mutilated and borne bleeding to the door of the sepulchre. Hatred for the Arabs, formerly the masters of Persia although they vanished from the scene centuries ago, expresses popular hatred for every invader who has secured a foothold in Iran. It is curious to observe how sectarian divisions, which are innumerable in this country, vanish in the theatre.

Every day during the mourning of Muharram theatrical representations are given in special buildings called *tekes*, or more frequently in the open air. The stage consists of a broad masonry platform raised about a yard above the level of the ground and reached by an incline on either side. The actors remain in sight throughout the whole piece, gathering in a balcony over one corner of the stage. Around the platform are other balconies for spectators of rank. The whole stage is covered with rugs, elaborate silk brocades, Bokhara and Kashmir fabrics, and the skins of wild animals, and is adorned with Chinese vases, mirrors, and globes of silvered glass. As in China, there are no actresses, and I doubt if Persia has ever had a man anywhere near as gifted in feminine parts as the Chinese actor Mei Lan Fang. Female characters in the Persian tragedies are represented by treble-voiced boys disguised to perfection. The best of them receive as much as a hundred tomans, or nearly three thousand lire, for a single performance.

One feature which no European audience would tolerate is the actors' custom of reading their parts instead of reciting them. Furthermore, the manager is always on the stage, with a staff in his hand, to run things. He calls the actors from the balcony, sends them back, helps them to decipher their manuscript part-books, points out where they are to stand, adjusts their costumes, and prompts them when they forget. As in China, moreover, servants serve tea to the actors on the stage, as they might refreshments at a garden party; and they will even adjust a cushion under an actor's knees when he kneels down to be decapitated.

Many people not directly connected

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with the play are always on the stage with the actors, especially flagellants belonging to the order who lacerate themselves during the Muharram processions for the glory of Ali. The function of the latter is to arouse the enthusiasm of the audience before the drama proper begins. With a voice broken with sobs, the Rheza Khan, or Chief of the Rheza order, intones the following prologue: —

'O brothers and sisters! Don't allow yourselves to forget that the drama of the family of the Prophet, which you are about to witness, is a golden key that will open for you the gates of Paradise. Know that one day Fatima, that pearl of purity, when combing the hair of her beloved son Hussein, found a single hair pulled from his head entangled in the teeth of the comb, and burst into tears. What I am telling you is true — the literal truth! Well now, my beloved, when the holy mother saw that hair torn from the sacred head of the Imam, she cried as if her heart would break — cried as I am crying.' (Here the Rheza Khan sobs aloud, and half of the people in the audience follow suit.) 'Beloved brothers and sisters! Wring your hands, rend your clothing, beat your breasts' (as the Rheza shrieks these words, he imitates them in action, tearing horribly at his long henna-colored beard) 'at the thought of what Fatima must have suffered in her heavenly home when that beloved son was slaughtered and when she saw the head so dear to her rolling in the bloody sand!'

Such appeals provoke wild scenes of fanaticism among the spectators. Some do not wait for the show to begin before tearing their clothing and slashing themselves with knives, and immediately after the invocation is over rush out of the theatre with their garments in tatters and their faces covered with blood. And as for weeping, the pit and the balconies are one great sob.

The first time I witnessed such a scene I remarked to my Persian host, who was an utter skeptic in religious matters and had placed me in the back of his box in order that I might not see too much, that acting must seem pale and passionless after such a wave of emotion.

'Wait and see,' he answered.

That was obviously the only thing to do. A moment later Tamburlaine appeared. His only part in the play was a soliloquy, in which he described having seen the death of Mohammed in a dream. Next Ali stepped forward and generously offered to sacrifice his life to redeem the soul of Ibrahim, the son of Mohammed who, because he doubted the validity of his father's prophetic powers, is doomed to burn forever in the flames of Hell. After these two characters had left the stage, the mystery play of Kerbela began, and lasted a full three hours. There were scenes that I must admit were far from banal, even for a European. They presented with great power the human passions that Persia's strange farrago of religion and patriotism represents.

For example, Mohammed, lying on his deathbed, desires to depart from life in perfect accord with the teaching of his Koran, and therefore asks those who have gathered about him if any of them has ever been injured by him, so that he may repair the wrong. Thereupon Saavade, one of his disciples, steps forward and with flowery but vivid words describes how he received a terrible blow from his master by mistake, on the day when they were entering the city of Taif in triumph. The blow was intended for the camel which Mohammed was riding, but it happened to fall upon the bare shoulders of Saavade, who was leading the animal. The disciple, now that the Prophet is about

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to surrender his great soul to God, begs of him the right of reprisal, and protesting that he is the most devout of the faithful, demands the privilege of bestowing on the bare shoulders of Mohammed the blow that he by mistake received. The Prophet of God finds the request a just one. He only wants to know the size and the material of the staff with which the original blow was struck. When Saavade tells him, he sends the slave Soliman in haste to ask Fatima to send it to him.

That good lady, when she finally realizes what is asked of her, and knowing that the dying Prophet is in great pain, is fairly stunned by Saavade's demand, and asks Soliman to tell him to return the blow gently. 'My soul is torn like the hair of a madman at the thought of Saavade's savagery,' she cries as she hands the staff to the slave. While waiting for the staff to come, Ali and his sons offer to receive the blow that Saavade demands, but the Prophet will not permit it. 'Read in the Koran,' he whispers with his dying voice, 'what God has commanded through me. How could I be saved on the Day of Judgment if I allowed another to be punished in my place? Come, Saavade, strike!'

But Saavade is still more exigent. He discovers that the Prophet's shoulders are not bare, as were his own on the day they entered Taif and he received the blow intended for the camel. Thereupon Mohammed with a great effort begins to disrobe himself, still insisting that Saavade's demand is more than just, and urging him to draw near and deliver the blow. As one might conjecture, however, at the critical moment Saavade falls on his knees, and instead of striking his master asks to be punished for having presumed to impute a wrong to him.

By the time the play had reached this point the spectators, half crazed with passion, were ready to stone the actor who took the part of Saavade if he ventured to deliver the blow. Even more impressive was the death scene of Abbas, when he sacrifices himself in a vain attempt to reach the Euphrates to bring back water to the camp of his besieged companions. The tortures of a man dying from thirst were reproduced with agonizing literalness. Abbas staggers dying into Hussein's camp, showing the stumps of his arms, which have been cut off by the enemy. He does not recognize even Hussein, who hastens up to him, addressing him by such endearing names as 'Model of heroes,' 'Love of the Alidi.' He stammers thickly with his parched lips, imagining that he is already dead and exulting over his martyrdom. 'O glory, glory,' he whispers hoarsely in his mystic delirium, 'I have drunk the cup of martyrdom! Happiness! Bliss! I have plucked a fresh rose in the garden of obedience! Intoxicating flower! I have drunk nectar from the chalice of happiness! I hear a melody sweeter than mortal ears can perceive! The divine promise is fulfilled!'

Hussein interrupts: 'Brother, open your eyes. Recall where you are! Have you any wish? Tell me quickly, for my own eyes are blinded with tears of blood.'

Abbas answers: 'Don't lead me alive to the tents of my harem. I should be ashamed to see the face of Sakkina' — his little daughter. 'She suffers much, I know, O Guide on the Road of Eternal Salvation! I have promised to bring her water from the Euphrates to moisten her parched lips. When I come to her tent Sakkina will ask me: "Where is the water?" Look at the stumps of my arms! Look at them yourself, brother! I have no water. I should not know how to answer my little child. It is high time that I hasten to join the

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Prophet and to say, "There is no God but Allah!"'

The dramatic power of this scene of despair, in which the martyr, already conscious of his martyrdom, nevertheless discovers that he is still a man, and is overwhelmed with sorrow at his inability to save Sakkina, is the saving grace of the play. It compensates for the bad conduct of the public and the actors, which eventually gets on a European's nerves. The spectators are so hypersensitive and fanatical that they greet every episode of the drama with howls, wails, contortions, and by throwing objects — sometimes stones — at the actors who take unpopular parts. Even intermissions and refreshments do not cool them off. Moreover, the actors murder their parts ridiculously. The two that played Yezid and Shimr wept like calves when they ought to have been heaping insults upon Hassan and Hussein. Not infrequently, in scenes where weapons are used, they wound each other seriously in their excitement.

When we consider that Ali, Persia's great national hero, never knew that country except by name, and did not even get as near to it as the Tigris; and that his sons Hassan and Hussein were only temporary refugees there, having fled thither to escape from the Caliph of Bagdad; and when we consider that the first of these sons died peacefully at Medina on his bed of sheepskins, having sold his claim to the Caliphate for a good round sum, and that Hussein, who was a more adventurous spirit, betrayed his word to the legitimate Caliph not to revolt against him, we realize how far legend and history can diverge from each other. But that is always so. In Persia, as elsewhere, when they have no heroes, they make them; and fictitious heroes are just as good as real ones on the stage.

ANAM NIGHTS[1]

BY LEON WERTH

Saigon. An imitation Europe intervenes between me and the Orient. The city's monuments are Renaissance Parthenons; and I lodge in a house with a Louis XIII balustrade and macaroni capitals.

One seldom sees high governmental and bureaucratic Europe in the street. It hides in its palaces and parks, or passes quickly in a motor car. Middle-class Europe is visible from the sidewalks, however, taking its refreshments, not only in cafés, but on front lawns and porches, behind a garden fence.

Around me sit several Europeans, at a table cluttered by bottles, glasses, and chunks of ice. I do not know how many bottles there are, and have not time to read all their etiquettes — 'Noily Prat,' 'Gentiane Suze,' 'San Rafael,' 'Cinzano,' 'Mandarín,' 'Veille Cure,' and many others. Besides, there is 'Cognac Martel,' with which my companions mix in proportions

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varying to their taste 'Périer' mineral water. Many an Anamite probably fancies that the French language is comprehended in a single word — 'Martel-Périer.'

This colony loafs listlessly, in true colonial style. Beyond yonder railing are a gentleman and a lady — enormous people. Their skin is not yellow, as people imagine in Europe, but an unhealthy white — the white of soured milk. The huge woman wears thin, almost impalpable, silk. The eyes of both twinkle in the folds of their fat faces with haughty insolence. Insolence? No. I, a European newcomer, interpret as insolence what is simply a glow of satisfaction at belonging to a superior race and representing the power and civilization of another land. Vanity, which in an individual is merely ridiculous, becomes something almost portentous as a mass manifestation. The white colonial's prestige as a European makes him a sort of arrivist god.

Under stifling, almost livid skies, across which thick woolly clouds drift lazily, flows the Saigon River, bordered by dwarf trees. A freighter lies at a wharf taking cargo. Near by is an Anamite jewelry shop, where two lines of workmen, down either side of the establishment, bend over tiny tables making elaborately ornamented bracelets of red gold, and common jewels set with red stones. In a barber shop a *guo* moves the punkahs by pressing his feet on a pedal. In a neighboring store a woman performs the same function with her hand. This monotonous labor does not weary the natives. Time means nothing to them. The barber not only cuts hair and shaves faces, but also cleans ears with tiny forceps. In some cases he is also a dentist, and advertises the fact by exhibiting samples of bridge work in his window.

In front of a miserable hovel a blind old Chinese woman sits on a taboret. A little naked, pot-bellied boy plays at her feet. This is also a shop, though it has no wares inside. Its entire stock of goods is exposed on a little shelf without the door, and consists of lime to chew with betel, a few half-decayed bananas, and white rice-cakes. That is all. Behind the shelf sits a smiling Chinaman. Yet from the darkness behind, where the eyes are unable to distinguish objects distinctly in the obscurity, a dull golden glow indicates an ancestral altar.

The Chinaman shows me his wares, drawing aside the curtain of the little box where he keeps his rice-cakes. He does not expect me to buy anything, but he has divined my curiosity. He speaks to the old blind woman, who likewise smiles. It is not until later that I discover that the Chinese and the Anamites are not accustomed to receiving a glance of friendly interest from a European.

Dusk in Saigon. A dull sky of sombre purple. Sadoos, drawn by dwarf ponies, move hither and thither through the flowery avenues of the city park, under rigid palm trees with horizontal fronds, which seem almost painfully correct. In Europe we should prophesy a storm. Here a hurricane always lurks just over the horizon — and never comes. This heavy sky, yon threatening clouds, this storm-boding sunset, are not gloomy. Gloom is a quality of the West. The dominant note here is an indescribable languor. Nature is both exuberant and indifferent.

I return to my cottage. A little gust of wind greets me, but it is warm and velvety wind, and spaced at regular intervals as from a lazily moving fan. Neither the punkah nor the wind brings relief from the heat. Three vendors and a guo have set up on the

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curb to sell a few bits of dried fish. Charcoal is glowing in a brazier. One of the vendors sings. It is night.

Cholon. Paris Street is white with electric glare, and coolies cluster in front of the restaurants patronized by rich Chinese and pleasure-bent colonials, where the stairways are lined with mirrors and huge porcelain vases. By craning my neck a little I can see the smokers from the street. I catch a glimpse of bare feet curiously immobile. Upon entering, those who are just emerging from their torpor stare at me as if I were the left-over of a dream, a lingering fragment of an illusion. Farther down the street glisten the bare legs and chests of Chinese shopkeepers and their clerks and porters. Two stand leaning over the balustrade that separates their establishment from the street, like bronze statues of Egyptian scribes. Are they alive or sculptured?

Rest and labor, immobility and movement, synchronize in the East. Within the same shop some are sleeping, others eating, others selling goods, others playing dominoes, others doing sums in a loud voice. One rattles an abacus. Nothing apparently is done in any particular time or order. Life has no air-tight compartments. In front of the shops men are washing themselves — dashing water from tubs over their faces, chests, and legs. Between the street and the shop-fronts are little portable stoves, operated by deft cooks, where food is prepared. Squatting on the ground is a circle of workmen eating fish soup. In a room just above them rich rice merchants drink champagne.

A strident, deafening racket crashes into my ears. Stringed instruments, wind instruments, percussion instruments, sound all together. It is neither a symphony nor a tom-tom, but an avalanche of discord cascading into the street from the open windows of a night restaurant. The rattling of dominoes on the tables punctuates the noise, and in the distance rises the treble voice of a singing girl. These little singing girls constantly pass in sadoos, like bright bouquets of flowers tossed into the street. In front of the houses Chinamen, singly or in groups, squat on the ground, loll on mats, or swing in hammocks. Here is a family circle, where the children have their little mat apart. From the balcony of the restaurant where I sit, the opposite side of the street seems to be divided into longitudinal sections. It is like looking into a row of houses from which one of the front walls have been removed. Each interior resembles the stage of a theatre. I see cooks, and bare-shouldered men, white jerseys, short cotton trousers. A hot night! A Chinese woman hobbles past, her deformed feet unbound and unshod, staggering like a sick person. In an apartment directly across the way four, five, six, — I do not know how many, — are sleeping on a huge camp bed. A man comes in, opens his valise, and begins to shave in front of a little mirror. I watch all this from my green and red restaurant balcony to the din of cymbals and the tom-tom.

It is 9 P.M., but a jewelry shop across the way is going at full blast. Ten workmen sitting in a row still bend over their benches like pupils in school. Pleasure, repose, labor, seem to flourish side by side. Below me street peddlers are shouting their wares — oranges, litchi nuts, slices of durian, green drinks and yellow drinks served in glasses, and that strange beverage in which little grains keep forming tiny gas bubbles. In the middle of the pavement a group of Chinese workingmen and two women are playing cards. They sit squatting in a circle,

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ready to take to their heels the moment a policeman comes in sight. In this country only Europeans are allowed to gamble. The law sternly forbids the Chinese of Anam, and above all the Anamites themselves, to indulge in this passion. That would be an offense against European morals, and above all against the authority of the Government. Yet not far from here is Soc Trang, an important Chinese settlement, where gambling is common. The policeman of that district, whose salary was ninety-five piastres in the days when a piastre was worth two and one-half francs, subscribed for more than one hundred thousand francs of government bonds.

As soon as they saw me the card-playing Chinese started to run away. I was a European. A European produces the same effect here that a policeman does upon a pushcart peddler in Paris. I motioned to them reassuringly, and they resumed their game and forgot all about me. The masses in the Far East are quick-witted. They understood at once that I was neither a policeman nor an official.

The avenue leading to the theatre is bordered by barracklike restaurants. You pick your way between Chinamen squatting or seated on the floor cleverly manipulating their chopsticks. A European eats with a fork. He stabs the tines into his meat or loads them with a cargo of vegetables the way a laborer lifts a forkful of hay, which doubtless seems very gross and greedy to those who eat more delicately. The Oriental, deftly using his chopsticks with a single hand, picks up with them the tiniest objects. His manner of eating is necessarily an art. His skill suggests that of a perfectly functioning mechanism. At first blush you can hardly imagine a person eating greedily with these implements. But the impression changes when you see a Chinaman devouring rice, his staff of life. Holding the bowl in front of his open mouth, he places his chopsticks together and shoots his food rapidly into the waiting orifice. Surely this is not a dainty way of eating; but before the European passes too severe a judgment, let him try to imagine the impression an Anamite of some refinement receives the first time he watches a big-moustached white man noisily inhaling soup.

I am invited to dine with some Chinese merchants. We first gather around a table where tea, instead of Martel-Périer, is served. Several varieties are brewed in teapots and poured into cups whose saucers exactly fit over the top like covers. When drinking you move the cover a little to one side, in order that none of the aroma may be lost. I tasted four or five varieties of tea, but my palate was not delicate enough to detect the subtle differences between them. We then dined on sharks' fins and crabs, roast turkey-skin, beets and ham, roast suckling pig, Peking mushrooms with turkey tongues, stuffed pigeons, and rice fried with ham. I sat between two Chinese, a young man and an old man. The young fellow spoke French, even the most difficult sentences in the phrase-book, as if it were a dead language.

Little dancing girls served the drinks. They wore white striped bloomers, silk tunics over long embroidered jackets, and silk slippers; and their hair, which hung down over their shoulders, was confined by a band around the forehead. They were heavily painted, and looked as if they might be fourteen or fifteen years old. These singers form a guild and live in a sort of boarding house kept by a matron. As the windows of this place are always open, passers-by can see them painting and primping for their evening work. They learn music when twelve years

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old. At fourteen a Chinaman can buy one for about three hundred piastres. They have a distinct social status, something like that of actresses in the West.

The restaurant where we dined was divided into small compartments by low partitions about the height of a man's shoulders. Most of them were occupied by Chinese playing dominoes, which they slapped down on the tables so as to make a loud noise. Intermingled with this rattling were the sound of stringed instruments and the voices of the singing girls. The latter are also general entertainers. I caught a glimpse of one fanning a domino-player while she discreetly leaned against the shoulder of the man on the other side. Their make-up caused them to resemble the dainty masks in old Chinese sculpture. Indeed, all these singing girls suggest dolls rather than human beings.

I studied the patrons with interest. This was a night restaurant, and I could not avoid contrasting the coarseness of such resorts in Europe, the brutalized faces, empty laughs, hysterical shrieks, and sentimental silliness, with the Oriental impassiveness I saw before me. The surrounding faces, if not expressionless, wore an aspect of concentration. The only noise was that of the music and the domino-players. The guests took their pleasures gravely, almost austerely.

Cholon is a commercial city, and only Chinese merchants were present. My table companion described with obvious pride the business ability of his fellow countrymen and their shrewdness in trade. 'A Chinaman,' he said, 'comes here with a valise and ten piastres, and, almost before you know it, has a thriving establishment of his own.'

Chinese employees are quick and industrious. My companion told me of a wholesale rice dealer who managed a very large business with the help of only two office men. 'The Chinese,' he continued, 'know how to take care of themselves. They are honest, and their word is as good as their bond. If they need goods, they simply write to Canton and Peking for them, and their orders are filled by the first boat.'

Even a newcomer realizes the truth of this. Whenever I walked through the streets of Cholon I was reminded of those nests of boxes, one inside the other, which are sold in the bazaars. You open one and always find another smaller one within. Thus a complete gradation exists, from great importing and exporting firms down to itinerant street vendors, each forming a part of a highly organized system.

I visited a Chinese hotel, where Chinamen and Anamites come to escape the noise and the light of the fashionable restaurants and to talk or smoke opium. Above the white room-partitions, which did not reach the ceiling, ran an open latticework. The only furniture was a bed with a mosquito net and a wooden bench with a couple of cushions. I entered from a gallery which opened upon an alley, where there were street lights with Chinese characters painted on the globes. The landlord spoke French with great rapidity, dropping his *r*'s. His vocabulary was limited, but he was quick-witted, and knew how to smile in a thousand different ways — amiability incarnate. A chambermaid entered my room, dusted the wooden bench with a feather duster, set down upon it a white pot of tea still hot in its coconut container, and noiselessly departed.

I returned several times to Cholon, sometimes in a bus and sometimes on foot, following the waterside past cane huts where ancestral altars glittered

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dimly in dusky interiors. Now and then a human form would outline itself dimly in the deepening darkness, preceded and followed by two teetering lights — a Chinese peddler with two boxes swinging at the extremity of a pole over his shoulders.

Cholon, with its porcelain shops, its teashops, and its pharmacies stocked with mysterious drugs in black and golden boxes! Cholon, with its restaurants, its clusters of Chinese coolies, its ambulatory kitchens, its stands of Malabar hacks drawn by dwarf horses, and its funeral shops, resplendent with gilt and silver paper burned in honor of the dead! At the latter one can purchase for the defunct bright paper trunks and shoes, paper garments in imitation of red and purple silk, and all the imitation splendor of the Orient! How cheaply, with their make-believe, do these Far Easterners attain the picturesque!

THE GERMAN FILM[1]

BY C. A. L.

[THE *Manchester Guardian* has been running a series of articles on the cinema in different European countries. We are printing here the two discussions of Germany and the final installment of general conclusions.]

NOBODY who visits Germany and gives any detailed study to her film conditions can come away without a profound respect for the courage of the industry and the shrewdness which she has brought to bear on the problems before her. Of all the film-producing countries of Europe she is the only one which has emerged from the financial chaos with both individuality and strength. Her theatres are full, and she is building new ones. Her studios are busy. Stars and producers and camera men of every country are gathering together in Berlin, and through the whole industry there is running a new sense of promise — less of power than of potentiality, less of present prosperity than of determination for good things to come. Germany has never made the mistake of nursing her injuries, never forced a prolonged spirit of hostility where no hostility exists. There is no getting away from it — she is an hospitable and friendly country, whose genuine respect and liking for England, whose shrewd appraisement and appreciation of America, coupled with her solid belief in the internationality of commerce, have given her a start on the road to recovery that the more bellicose nations will find it hard to overtake.

I think the real secret of Germany's position in the cinema lies in her treatment of the great American *fact*. The Latin races have underestimated it, have played with it and flirted with it, and the thing has swept them away. We in England are so busy fighting it that we have no energy left to con-

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *July* 12, 13, 15

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struct against the time when the fight may be won. There is in Germany no question of fight or submission. The power of the American film is recognized as a fact, just as the power of the dollar and the virtue of virgin country and the advantages of good wages for work are recognized as facts very seriously to be considered by the young Germans of to-day. Poverty and clever publicity have certainly turned the thoughts of these people across the Atlantic. The same boys and young men who crowd round the windows of the American tourist offices will crowd in the evenings into the picture houses where they can taste the wealth and the freedom and the adventure that the posters promise from life overseas. It is innate in the German mind to want to work. But it is innate in the mind of every man to want to work where work is paid for. That is where the fact of America enters into German national life.

Appreciating that fact at its full worth, looking forward, too, to issues still far remote, the German film industry has come to a practical working arrangement with America which affects both her imports and her exports in a rather remarkable way. For some time now she has adopted a percentage system in the picture theatres by which the native productions must occupy fifty per cent of all the films shown. The remaining fifty are nominally drawn from all nationalities, but in practice they are almost exclusively American. Russia in a small way is beginning to make herself felt, — two Soviet films, 'Potemkin' and 'Aelita' have been very popular in Berlin, and there are continued rumors of negotiations between Ufa and the Soviet, — but at the moment Russian production is on too small a scale, and too directly propagandist, to make much impression on the fifty per cent of imported pictures that the German industry allows to be shown. This fifty-fifty concession between Germany and America on the exhibiting side has lately been strengthened by the alliance of Ufa, the biggest film concern in Europe, with Famous Players and Metro, an alliance which materially assists the production and distribution of German pictures without robbing them of their artistic independence. Germany has been shrewd enough to see that national production, when it is purely national and not hybridized for export, is a thing worth selling, and America has been shrewd enough to appreciate that it is a thing worth paying for. By this new alliance Germany will get a footing in America to the extent of at least ten pictures a year.

With this practical assurance for a future at home, and the new possibilities that such an arrangement has opened out abroad, German production has set itself with fresh vigor to the task of making that future worth while. It has on its side the one essential quality of success — the popular voice. Whereas in England and in France native production is blocked by the personal interest in and devotion to the American stars, in Germany the American stars count individually for very little, and their place in public favor is occupied by Henny Ponten, Harry Liedtke, Emil Jannings, Lya di Putti, Paul Richter, Xenia Desni, Mady Christians, and a number of other German players in whose work the Berliners take an intense and personal pride. The German picture-goer has a very real sense of fine craftsmanship. There is no question in his mind that the productions of Lang and Murnau and of Berger are anything but fine. He goes to see them because he wants to. His preference for them is more critical than patriotic, more of the head than of the heart. And just

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as in the confidence of German picture-goers, based on the solidity of the dollar, lies Germany's ultimate hope of a cinema revived, so in the criticism of her picture-goers, eliminating the dross of the dollar, lies Germany's ultimate hope of a cinema refined.

It is interesting, I think, in view of the recent referendum of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association, in which it was decided by 1704 votes to 198 that measures should be taken against the 'blind' booking of films, — interesting, too, at this moment when the memorandum issued by the Federation of British Industries has turned the business eye of the British industry toward Germany, — to examine a little more closely than a general survey makes possible the facts and potentialities of production there. The C.E.A. referendum is likely to throw our picture theatres open with much greater impartiality to films of every country. It will bring, in the long run, this matter of German production much nearer home. The F.B.I. report, while intended primarily as an advocate of the quota system in England, by drawing a parallel with the successful *Kontingent* system now in force in Germany, is indicative of the powerful impression which the German industry makes on a practical business mind — suggests, perhaps unconsciously, that there is a force which is shortly going to be as great a menace as America to the British trade, unless its real anxiety for an alliance with England is met with practical favor here.

The German film trade, it must be remembered, is well established and deep-rooted, with a stock of remarkable pictures in the past and a steady supply coming from the studios all the while. It has the financial confidence of the banks and the big business men. It is a reputable, steady, hard-headed business with an enormous self-respect and very little self-conceit. The organization is sound right through; you feel behind it great reserves of power. There is nothing done there, from top to bottom of the industry, that is not thorough, whether it is a case of organizing, or building theatres, equipping studios, constructing sets, rehearsing scenes, or even taking 'still' photographs for advance publicity. If Lang wants two million marks spent on his new film, 'Metropolis,' two million marks are spent, because the Ufa reckons that he is worth the two million marks and the investment worth the making. If five hundred carpenters are needed to build a studio set, nobody questions whether that set should be built or not; the five hundred carpenters are sent for. The Germans believe that what is worth doing is worth doing well, and their position in the cinema to-day seems to indicate that they are justified.

In Berlin itself there are about thirty studios, and all the bigger ones can shoot three or four pictures at the same time if the occasion requires. They are vast, orderly places, with all the latest technical equipment; some, like the Ufa studio at Templehof, are laid out with gardens and lily ponds, bright with flowers and close green lawns. There are studios, too, in Munich, in Hamburg, and in Heilbronn, and a total of close upon two hundred and fifty pictures is made in Germany in the course of the year. It is interesting to notice in this connection that all the more important producing companies are also renters and exhibitors, — the Ufa, for instance, owns over a hundred theatres in Germany alone, — so that the picture is carried in the hands of the same organization from the moment it is recorded in the cameras to the moment it appears on the screen. The Americans, in

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their own country, have bought their way to success with the same plan, and they have made strenuous efforts to extend that method to England by capturing key theatres in all the big towns in which their weekly output would automatically be shown. With the exception of four or five theatres, in London the plan has failed. Our theatres are still, and will probably remain, just as independent as they choose.

That is the chief reason why I stress so forcibly the fact that it is valuable to keep a business eye on what Germany is doing. Her films are at the moment, and are likely to be increasingly so, the great alternative to the cinema of the West. She has always known what is artistic in production, and she is now beginning to know what is commercial too. Her players, her producers, and her technical experts are the cleverest in the world, and the skill goes so deep into the rank and file of workers for the cinema that, no matter how many America may entice away, there will still be others ready and fitted to take their place. The time is coming when, for better or worse, the film in Germany is going to matter supremely to us here — no longer to the highbrow alone, the scholar and the artist, but to the typist and the shop assistant, the housewife and the man in the street.

The detailed study of the film in Europe is less of value than of interest in itself: the value lies in the perspective it makes possible, in the relating of part to part and part to whole in the cinema, and, above all, in the establishment of the position of America with regard to the film industries of the world. We are a little inclined to think in England — and who shall blame us? — that we have been made the exclusive dumping ground of the American screen. A study of the other European countries will quickly reassure us on that score. The American film is everywhere, in Rome as it is in London, in Vienna as it is in Manchester, in Prague, in Paris, and in Stockholm too. It is a fact that has to be accepted: the movies of America have mastered the world.

America and the peace have hit film Europe hard. English production, which, if never prolific, was at least persistent, is powerless to support itself to-day. Swedish production is, for all practical purposes, dead. If people want to see films — as they manifestly do — in Italy and Austria, Holland and Belgium, and Czechoslovakia, they have to see American films, because there are no other films to see. The Russian cinema is alive, but very young. The French cinema is occupied with films that are unsuitable for export and insufficient for home consumption, and in the interval has thrown open its doors to America without much regard of what the end will be. Germany alone has rallied enough to give any measure of protection to her own industry, to gather up her scattered forces and begin again. She is the only country that can provide herself and the rest of Europe with an alternative to the Stars and Stripes. She is looking forward. The other countries have shut their eyes, Britain among them.

It is very hard for us to realize, the majority of us, quite how insignificant we are in the survey of the whole. To us it seems a tremendous disaster that British production should be dead, yet in fact it is no more disastrous than that Austrian or Italian or Swedish production should be dead, or that Russian production should have been only so lately born. We have never been more than the smallest part in the vast machine of the cinema. We have never mattered outside our own

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small film world. What is disastrous is not that we are as we are to-day, but that we steadfastly neglect to be what we might be to-morrow. I am quite convinced, after a study of the film conditions on the Continent, of the direction in which our safety lies. In spite of our past, in spite of our present, there might be a future for the British film if we swallowed our pride and came to a working alliance with the one country that has the quality to break through the American ring.

We have the money, — though it is not inside the industry, — and the German cinema has the goodwill. We have the treaties, and Germany has the studios. We have the courage and Germany the power; we are independent and Germany is individual, and the time is coming when a general loosening of the American grip on the theatres is going to make these qualities a practical concern.

The question of supremacy in the cinema is not a light one. The thing has got right under the skin of modern life. It belongs to the age, like jazz — belongs rightly to the age, and is busy shaping the next one, which will grow out of it and remake it. All across Europe and America the picture palaces stand in their thousands. The smallest village owns one. In the cities they are thick as flies, — ugly, tawdry, pretentious, comfortable, — each with its lurid posters, its frames of 'stills,' its triumphant '*Oggi*,' or '*Tous les soirs*,' or '*Hier*,' or 'Showing To-day.'

Whoever holds the key to the world's film trade holds the key to the popular mind. The movies are a real league of nations, a real fraternity of the common people. They speak a language that everyone can understand. They bring to every stranger in a new land the momentary sense of home. They set the imagination of every stay-at-home momentarily reaching out to strange peoples. They can allay and they can incite to mischief, by working on the relaxed mind of a million pleasure-seekers. No one will dare to say, as he passes from country to country and finds the same picture houses, the same picture-house methods, the same picture-house audiences, the same picture-house enthusiasms, that the movies are any longer a peep-show entertainment that wise men can afford to ignore.

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THE LAND OF NITRATE [1]

BY ALICE SCHALEK

A THOUSAND kilometres northward stretches the railway line. On Saturday evening I boarded at Santiago de Chile the train that runs once a week to the nitrate country and that reaches its destination Tuesday morning. During the interval my eyes rested on nothing but desolate, yellow, stony desert. The only justification for a railway here is the mineral wealth in the neighboring mountains and the nitrates of the northern pampas.

'How wonderfully prompt you are!' exclaimed the young German who had come to meet me. We had arrived only a half-hour late, at 2.30 A.M. instead of two.

No one had forewarned me how cold it would be at this hour. My teeth chattered as I took my seat in the heavy truck and we started on our way to 'The Works,' across a rolling, yellowish plain faintly radiant in the starlight. In the deathless silence of the tawny desert every star shone as brilliantly as a little moon, and the Milky Way hung like a great radiant ribbon athwart the path of the unfamiliar constellations.

'Those two clusters of light you see below are our Chile and Alemannia works,' remarked my companion nearly four hours later as our auto-truck mounted a little crest. 'We'll be there in fifteen minutes.'

It was almost 6 A.M. when we drew up in front of the manager's house, and an indescribable, purple dawn such as I had never seen before flushed the wide, lifeless landscape.

'Would n't you like breakfast and a bath?'

It was almost ten o'clock when this inquiry, by my kind-hearted hostess, roused me from a heavy slumber. Not until later did I realize what a mark of hospitality a bath meant; for water is the most precious thing they have in nitrate land.

The pretty young German wife of the manager showed me her house, which was decorated with prettily patterned ponchos, dyed leather objects, and other specimens of native art. But what delighted me most were the beautiful bouquets everywhere. In front of the verandah was a little flower garden hemmed in by eucalyptus trees and cacti — a garden almost unique in this waterless land. It never rains here oftener than once in three or four years, and there are no springs or wells. In fact, so rare are the showers even in the mountains that only tiny rivulets flow down their gorges, to vanish in the neighboring waste. Each of these is now carefully husbanded and led through pipes for fifty or sixty miles to larger mains that supply the nitrate mines. In order to prevent any interruption of the service, riders patrol the pipe lines daily.

I imagined beforehand that the nitrate pampas would be white, but actually they are as yellow as the *caliche*, or crude mineral, which contains only about sixteen per cent of

[1] From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin big-industry daily), *June* 2, 6

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nitrate and which lies three or six feet below the surface of the earth. This must be leached to obtain the white nitrate of commerce. Every square yard of this unpromising country has been prospected, and the richest deposits have probably been discovered. In the early days some produced from thirty to forty per cent. Whenever a new mine is found, the Government sells it at auction, and there are generally plenty of bidders. The German firm whose guest I was owns eight hundred kilometres of pampas land. Riding over it in the morning, I saw in all directions huge yellow sandy mounds left by explosions. From these shallow pits the loosened caliche is carried by a little narrow-gauge railway to the principal works, where the nitrate is extracted.

These desolate regions do not attract the pick of Chile's proletariat, which is miserable enough at best, and their labor camps are favorable seed beds for Communism.. For that reason a close watch is kept on every stranger arriving in the district. Of course, it is illegal to refuse a passenger a ticket, and the English who control the railways are obliged by their charter to provide regular passenger service. But the nitrate business is what supports the line, and only two passenger trains a week are run over them. Naturally, therefore, it is an easy matter to keep track of the passengers. Nevertheless, a good many peddlers manage to get into the district and to start more or less agitation among the workers. Many of them are Catholic Syrians from Jaffa, for whom the natives have the odd name 'Christian Jews.'

The nitrate laborers live in *campamentos*, which are long galvanized-iron barracks with an outside door to every compartment. I cannot imagine worse quarters. There is not a particle of green in sight, no view, not even windows. Behind the living-room, which is about fifteen feet square, utterly dark, and has no floor, is a windowless sleeping-room. Cooking is done in a kind of gallery around a little court, into which the garbage is thrown. The men work in twelve-hour shifts, day and night, including Sundays. The only holiday is the anniversary of Chile's independence, in September. But it is not compulsory to work on Sunday, and on the afternoon of that day a workingmen's band plays in a little square surrounded by a few pepper trees, or at the movie theatre, which is the only place of entertainment in the camp. This theatre shows Wild West films of the most hair-raising sort, whose episodes are greeted by the noisy audience with riotous approval or disapproval.

Wages are paid in chits, which naturally are accepted only at the company's store. Thus the workers' pay flows back into the employer's pocket. That is another reason why peddlers are discouraged.

All the nitrate works are members of a 'trust' or pool, and are permitted to sell only a certain quota. This helps the numerous small enterprises conducted by the natives to compete with the big modern undertakings of foreigners. Were there free competition, the Chilean establishments, with their primitive machinery and inadequate capital, would soon go to the wall. The cheapening of artificial nitrates, however, is likely to bring about that result in any case. If the trust breaks up, the Americans, who have the best-equipped works, will profit by it.

The only compensation for living in this country is the magnificent sunsets. Any one of these royal spectacles is worth the long and toilsome trip required to see it. In the afternoon the characteristic soft egg-yellow of the pampas gradually changes to a dark

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ochre, which deepens into mahogany, and, at length, into a rich episcopal lilac. These colors do not blend with each other, but settle uniformly over the entire landscape, which for this reason varies in appearance according to the hour of the day. Shortly before sunset a flush of red shoots across the deep lilac of the pampas, and a moment later the ruddy firmament arches like a bower of roses above the blue desert, and is reflected in the latter, until heaven and earth seem all aflame, as if one were looking into a gigantic fire box. Just after the blood-red ball of the sun drops below the horizon, the so-called 'last green ray' quivers across the heavens. It is a phenomenon that even the oldest residents await as for a faithfully repeated miracle.

Although rain practically never falls, fantastic cloud formations are not uncommon. One evening I watched three of these drift past, like Valkyries with flowing hair galloping upon their horses. As the sun sank lower their shadows charged like spectral cavalry up the slopes of the mountains. Even as I watched they disappeared, the last flush of red faded out of the pale lilac heavens, and night, with its starry hosts, swept westward across the sky.

I made a trip into the *cordillera* to visit the neighboring copper and silver mines. Catching an ever-belated train, we climbed upwards for four hours over an interminable serpentine road, to Guanaco, nearly ten thousand feet above the sea. From the top of Big Guanaco, a sharply silhouetted dome connected by a saddle with Little Guanaco beyond, I beheld an imposing mountain panorama culminating in giant peaks that presented under their shifting cloud-caps every delicate nuance of color from light ivory to red-amber. Near the summit we came upon great heaps of stony débris from the old excavations.

'You are the first writer who has ever visited our abandoned mines,' the head engineer said to me. 'I've explored the workings a hundred times, and have always wished that someone would come here and describe them.'

But that is easier said than done. It is difficult for words to give any conception of the imposing but shuddery workings the miners have left behind them. We climbed up into a gigantic grotto every cubic inch of which had been originally rich gold-bearing ore. Common laborers with drill and crowbar had dug galleries here comparable with the largest railway tunnels. Careless of danger, without plans or measurements, they left, in their eagerness to extract every ounce of gold, only a suggestion of support for the huge-arched roofs. These reckless and gold-greedy men vaulted over yawning chasms, and balanced themselves on tiny precipice ledges no broader than their hands, in order that no cranny containing the precious metal might be overlooked. In these magnificent subterranean halls I saw sparkling quartz galleries that glittered until I imagined they must be walls of solid silver. The roof of Perseveranca, which is the largest of the excavations, and contained the richest veins, resembles a vast mosaic, with its confused masses of porphyry and limestone and its red iron-oxide coloring. The hard granitic masses are interlaid with a porous reddish stone, so friable that you can break it with your hands, which in turn is interspersed with salt crystals, calcite formations that look like alabaster sponges, deposits of a slaglike mineral, tufa, and kaolin.

'No geologist has ever been able to explain what the Deity was up to here,' said the Chief Engineer. 'Of course, the bright coloring of the stone is caused by iron oxides, but no one has discovered a key to the faulting

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that so abruptly terminated the gold veins.'

We clambered out of a dark grotto into a sort of pillared circular apartment through whose gorgeously tinted, broken roof we caught glimpses of the bright blue sky above. It was so ghostlike that we stood in rapt silence, gazing around us.

The old gold-mining town of Aguada, in whose barrooms and dance-halls the men who dug these galleries squandered their earnings, looks to-day like a cheap reproduction of Pompeii. Yellow dust lies inches deep over the ruins that border its deserted streets.

Seated on a hard bench in the railway station, I waited throughout an entire moonlight night for the delayed train, which arrived at 7 A.M. instead of two. After I got aboard I learned that the connecting train from Bolivia, which I was to take for Antofagasta on the sea, would not wait for us. By mere accident, however, I discovered that another connection was available to that port, from Aguas Blancas, the very next station.

'Why then,' I inquired, 'should we all go on seven hours further to Baquedano, when we might as well change here?'

But no one could tell me. The native passengers, who travel in blissful ignorance of maps and time-tables, merely answered stupidly: 'We never heard of any other way of getting to Antofagasta.' They preferred going on to Baquedano and waiting twenty-four hours for the next Bolivian train to taking a chance at the next station. Perhaps experience had taught them wisdom, but a young Englishman and I decided to risk it, and got off at Aguas Blancas.

This God-forsaken little station was perched on a terrace, with the high cordillera behind it and an infinity of bare yellow sand in front. It was a dilapidated galvanized-iron box filled with dirt and litter, through whose broken doorway a violent, sand-laden wind whistled. The station master and his two daughters, who were dirty and ragged and looked frightfully neglected, were cooking their midday meal in a tiny iron shed. Although their provisions were scanty enough, they hospitably offered us a cup of tea and a couple of potatoes. I sat holding one of the broken doors shut with my feet to keep out the driving sand, until at length a long accommodation train painfully labored into the station. The station master's daughters, who, it seemed, were also going to Antofagasta, had managed miraculously to transform themselves with crêpe de Chine dresses and silk stockings. The solitary passenger coach attached to the rear of this train, to which we had to hustle down the track, carrying our heavy luggage in the hot sun, was crowded to the doors. On account of the sand storm, every window was shut tight. The passengers, who were employees of the nitrate companies, were mostly old acquaintances, and a din of greetings and loud conversation added to the other discomforts of the suffocating car.

Antofagasta. After a long search I found a weird little sailors' boarding house, situated on the beach, with a room whose windows opened on an outside gallery over the sea. Until late into the evening I leaned on the gallery railing, staring across the night-robed waters, dreaming of the yellow nitrate pampas, the cloud-capped cordillera, and the brilliant colors of the tunnel walls in the abandoned gold mine. I shall never see them again. Yet that boundless desert, with all its discomforts, privations, and hardships, still casts a spell of fascination over me.

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PAUL BOURGET[1]

BY HENRY BORDEAUX

THE masters are disappearing. In one year we have lost a Loti, a France, and a Barrès. Death strikes down my generation without leaving Marcel Proust and René Boylesve time to compose that final picture that gives their work a sort of marble majesty. But in the literary tradition the masters maintain their sense of respect. In consecrating their life to art they clothe themselves with almost religious dignity. Barrès, remembering a meeting between Victor Hugo and Leconte de Lisle, invests them with an air of officiating priests. Paul Bourget, although he himself is loaded with honors, treats Renan or Taine like a choir boy handling the Communion cup.

Three or four years ago I took the lead in celebrating his literary jubilee — it was the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of his first article, dealing with Spinoza's love affairs. When he heard of this project, in which all the literary world was involved, he was far from delighted, but drew in his head and asked me to give it up. 'You do not know,' he wrote, 'how odious all ceremony is to me, and how painful is the idea of appearing in public in the position of a triumphant warrior. Allow me to spend this anniversary working, which is the truest fête of all. You will appreciate, when you are my age, how limited time is, and how jealous one becomes of those few hours that precede the death in which one can no longer work.' We had to give up the idea of a banquet, and confine ourselves to presenting him with a medal in Balzac's house.

With more than a half-century of work behind him, Paul Bourget is always busy, and just as alert, interested, and inventive as he was in his youth. He possesses, moreover, that erudition and richness of experience that come only from accumulated observation, reading, and thinking. Was it not only yesterday that we read those studies of Pascal, Pasteur, Renan, Balzac, and Merimée in *Illustration* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* — those masterpieces of genius and common sense? And is n't it only to-day that he is publishing his new book, *Le Danseur mondain*, in which he strikes to the heart of modern life and analyzes the disaffection of the post-war generation, with its mediocre kind of existence and bourgeois virtues, to say nothing of its inability to adapt itself to these new conditions of life? Novelists are able to appreciate how much bravery this required. Modern life is so shifting, so uncertain, and offers a ground so doubtful, that the most courageous spirits hesitate to venture.

This puts me in mind of one of my last conversations with my dear friend René Boylesve. We were talking on this very subject, and both of us were sketching the plan of a novel that would begin with pre-war society, bridge over the war, and end up in the new world that has followed the

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *July* 17

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catastrophe. But we agreed that the last foundation of our bridge would be set on a shifting soil, where it could not well remain fixed. It would be necessary to wait for some time before our precarious world stabilized itself. And here is our older contemporary succeeding brilliantly in the adventure!

His fair-mindedness and strength have little by little gained for Bourget everyone's sympathy and brought him unanimous praise. He enters upon old age escorted by everyone's friendship and esteem, because he has never once deviated from the purpose that he set himself in his youth — the passionate search for truth. For my part, after thirty years of friendship in the capacity of disciple to master, I feel in him, every time we meet, the same burning curiosity, which is the essence of youth.

The first time we encountered was the day he was received into the French Academy, although I already knew him through a correspondence originating with a letter that he was good enough to send me about my first book. At that time he traveled a lot, and was rarely in Paris. He had just visited America, and had also established himself at Costebelle, where he had written a number of his books. In the Academy he filled the seat of Maxime du Camp, and his speech was devoted to praising his predecessor for having been only a man of letters. 'I know no finer eulogy,' he concluded. This closing remark shows how devoted he was to the cult of literature, and to what a high degree is he not himself a man of letters? But such a man is the mirror of his time. He reflects it and analyzes its customs, tendencies, feelings, and ideas. He is its guide, or at least its adviser, because he does not confine himself to looking and observing, but gives point to his observations, gathers them together, discovers their purpose, and discerns what it is that keeps societies, nations, families, and individuals going in spite of all the opposing destructive powers.

Paul Bourget has tried out every literary *genre*. *La Vie inquiète* expresses some of the most subtle poetic states of soul. And if his verses are a little languid and the cadence a little too regular, like Sainte-Beuve, it is the thought more than the form that attracts the reader. As a dramatic author his plays, *Un Divorce*, *Barricade*, and *Le Tribun*, and especially Lucien Guitry's presentation of *L'Emigré*, made remarkable successes. The novels of Paul Bourget transport the reader with amazing ease to the scene of action, but his technique is very much like that of the classic tragedians. His characters are depicted at times of crisis. Their violent situation, which obliges them to come clean altogether, unravels them completely. In spite of the wealth of analysis, action is always pressed into a small amount of space. Many other novelists prefer the biographical form without much action, in which their characters undergo a series of rather ordinary experiences.

But Bourget is an essayist and a novelist above all else. His critical works alone would make his literary reputation. In his *Essais de psychologie* he has depicted the sensibilities of a whole period. His *Pages de littérature et la doctrine*, his *Études et portraits*, are in no way inferior, although they are slapped together with less method and harmony. One must also take into account his books of travel, in which the author reveals himself to us rather more familiarly. Personally, my preferences are *Outremer* and *Sensations d'Italie*. No traveler has gone deeper into the intimacy of the countryside and the picturesque little towns where Italian poets and painters once flourished — not even Stendhal, who was

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always too eager to enjoy life to be able to forget himself and profit from what lay before his eyes. It is a matter of regret that Paul Bourget did not take notebooks with him during his other visits to Italy, which inspired him with the notes that have gone to make up a precious collection of *Sensations*. Furthermore, he has not published the account of his trip to the Holy Land, which was interrupted suddenly by his departure for the United States.

Bourget is most famous as a novelist, though literary people cannot forget his essays. His success in fiction was immediate. *Cruelle énigme* and *Un Crime d'amour* fascinated the public with their elegant realism, though there was often something pitiless beneath. But what people enjoyed above all was his skill at moral analysis. While all literature was flowing in naturalistic currents, Paul Bourget came back to the psychology of the great masters of the eighteenth century, but without minimizing the importance of the powers of the flesh. His models had never failed to see in human nature the conflict between various passions and desires as well as the possibilities of will power and personality. They built their books with great effort, embracing all kinds of weaknesses, temptations, and downfalls, although they always discovered a sense of direction and a conscience. The author of *Le Disciple* declared flatly that this conscience was not only responsible for our actions, but even for the results of our actions. He displayed a not unexpected severity, though it was rather new, and showed that he was entirely preoccupied with a somewhat gloomy view of human life.

Since then this problem has presented itself in other forms. The whole school of Russian novelists, including Tolstoi, and especially Dostoevskii, revels in a torrent of fatalities. This school has stopped depicting significant events and guilty characters. Its protagonists are entirely at the mercy of external facts. In Tolstoi's case great men are nothing more or less than forms of historical etiquette. Life, whose obscure elements are beyond human analysis, would go on without them. In Dostoevskii's case we are brought back to ourselves and to other people around us through the human feeling of pity, which is our final sanctuary — a sanctuary devoid of gods. Then follows the relativity of a Bergson and the subconscious of a Freud trying to work out a novel of pure personality. 'We have only,' wrote Marcel Proust, 'vague, fragmentary visions of the universe, which we fill out with arbitrary associations of ideas and dangerous suggestions.'

The universe is only of interest in so far as it provides us with images. This at bottom is a return to the teachings of the German philosophers concerning the opposition of the ego and the non-ego. We are merely a series of phenomena, and we have not one soul, but ten, or even a hundred, and the difficulty is to recognize ourselves, for we never feel the same.

Perchance truth will take the place of virtue as the ancient golden mean. It is a fact that we are always on the move, governed by our inheritance and our instincts. But through all this maze, from our infancy upwards, we gradually progress, and in doing so acquire personality. We exist only because we remember. A being without a past is nothing. As soon as we begin to look at ourselves we know ourselves, and we know that we have created ourselves. The novel is simply the observation of the customs that go to reveal us to ourselves for what we are, and if it shows that we are inconsistent it is because inconsistency is a

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style of existence, although there are others too. 'Certain novels,' said Proust, 'are like mourners whom we may see only for a moment but who make us forget our customary habits and put us in contact with real life.' This real life restores us to ourselves.

From the time he wrote *Le Disciple* Paul Bourget's career as a novelist has been straightforward. He is no longer a mere reporter who looks at what is going on around him, like the character in Alfred de Musset. His work has summits in it like a chain of mountains. In his *Cosmopolis* he analyzes that cosmopolitan society which we find in all big cities, — Paris, Rome, Cairo, — and which appears, in all of its most modern aspects, to become more and more uniform and to eliminate the differences and even the hostilities of race, religion, and character while a more uniform world is being made. But suddenly a personal drama darts across the stage, whereupon each of the characters reacts profoundly, and it is then that all these differences and hostilities reappear and the varnish cracks. In *L'Étape* we are shown that progress up the social ladder should be made slowly by the progressive climbing of several generations; otherwise equilibrium is lost and disorder breaks out, as we can well see to-day in the post-war society that has shattered all the ancient customs. *Un Divorce* and the *Démon de midi* offer religious consolation. Thus Paul Bourget reveals himself little by little as a follower of Balzac. Balzac himself did not at once discover the truths in whose light he was going to write later. He too gave himself over to studying society without any preconceived ideas, without knowing exactly where this study would lead him, and he was finally brought to recognize the necessity of Catholicism and to perceive how essential authority was as the only means of regulating individuals in societies that were always at the mercy of disorder. His conclusions are not to be found in any one book. It is in all of them that one finds the man, as he himself has said in the preface to his complete works, written when he saw his activities in their true light. Paul Bourget's essays have come to more or less the same conclusion. In his *Médecin de campagne* and the *Curé de village* Balzac introduced this kind of essay into the novel itself.

Often while my dear friend and master was walking with me, in the pine woods near his property at Costebelle close to Hyères, I have heard him speak of this art of novel-writing from which he has drawn his greatest pleasure in life. He insists on an objective form of art in which the author does not put himself into the picture, and he prefers to a very personal journal, which might be useful only as a kind of document, like a series of letters, the direct story — freer, more varied, and more master of its destiny. In his mind the art of the novel is eternal. For the Greeks it was the epic of Homer; in the Middle Ages, the popular chansons; in the seventeenth century, tragedy; and to-day it is the reflection of the individual's life, the story of our apparent changes and of our permanent human structure during the agitations of the moment. It is capable of all kinds of innovations. When people speak of the decadence of the novel it is the decadence of the novelists that is really at stake. As long as there are men in the world, they will want to hear tales of marvelous adventure, sad or gay, depending on their circumstances or temperament. And these marvelous adventures must be theirs.

Thus we await the forthcoming novel of Paul Bourget, *Nos actes nous*

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suivent. He told me about it in one of our delightful walks, and it will be one of those mountain-tops I spoke of. Our acts follow us because they are ours in their beginnings and in their realization, because they are not foreign to us, as a new school that suppresses all ideas and responsibility would have us understand. For they are, in a word, ourselves, even down to our weaknesses and imperfections, which it is up to us to overcome that we may be strengthened. The weakness of our heart or of our senses should not interfere with our minds. Nothing is more valuable than a clear head.

GEORGE [1]

BY STACY AUMONIER

THERE was something essentially Chinese about the appearance of George as he lay there propped up against the pillows. His large, flabby face had an expression of complete detachment. His narrowing eyes regarded me with a fatalistic repose. Observing him I felt that nothing mattered, nothing ever had mattered, and nothing ever would matter. And I was angry. Pale sunlight filtered through the curtains.

'Good Lord!' I exclaimed. 'Still in bed! Do you know it's nearly twelve o'clock?'

An almost inaudible sigh greeted my explosion. George occupied the maisonnette below me. Some fool of an uncle had left him a small private income, and he lived alone, attended by an old housekeeper. He did nothing, absolutely nothing at all, not even amuse himself; and whenever I went in to see him he was invariably in bed. There was nothing wrong with his health. It was sheer laziness. But not laziness of a negative kind, mark you, but the outcome of a calm and studied policy. I knew this, and it angered me the more.

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular weekly), *July* 31

'What would happen if the whole world went on like you?' I snapped.

He sighed again, and then replied in his thin, mellow voice: —

'We should have a series of ideal states. There would be no wars, no crimes, no divorce, no competition, no greed, envy, hatred, or malice.'

'Yes, and no food.'

He turned slightly on one side. His accents became mildly expostulating — the philosopher fretted by an ignorant child.

'How unreasonable you are, dear boy. How unthinking! The secret of life is complete immobility. The tortoise lives four hundred years; the fox terrier wears itself out in ten. Wild beasts, fishes, savages, and stockbrokers fight and struggle and eat each other up. The only place for a cultivated man is bed. In bed he is supreme — the arbiter of his soul. His limbs and the vulgar carcass of his being constructed for purely material functioning are concealed. His head rules him. He is the autocrat of the bolster, the gallant of fine linen, the master of complete relaxation. Believe me, there are a thousand tender attitudes of repose unknown to people like you. The four

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corners of a feather bed are an inexhaustible field of luxurious adventure. I have spent more than half my life in bed, and even now I have not explored all the delectable crannies and comforts that it holds for me.'

'No,' I sneered. 'And in the meantime, other people have to work to keep you there.'

'That is not my fault. A well-ordered state should be a vast caravansary of dormitories. Ninety-nine per cent of these activities you laud so extravagantly are gross and unnecessary. People shoud be made to stay in bed till they have found out something worth doing. Who wants telephones, and cinemas, and safety razors? All that civilization has invented are vulgar luxuries and time-saving devices. And when they have saved the time they don't know what to do with it. All that is required is bread, and wine, and fine linen. I, even I, would not object to getting up for a few hours every week to help to produce these things.'

He stroked the three weeks' growth on his chin, and smiled magnanimously. Then he continued: 'The world has yet to appreciate the real value of passivity. In a crude form the working classes have begun to scratch the edge of the surface. They have discovered the strike. Now, observe that the strike is the most powerful political weapon of the present day. It can accomplish nearly everything it requires, and yet it is a condition of immobility. So you see already that immobility may be more powerful that activity. But this is only the beginning. When the nations start going to bed and stopping there, then civilization will take a leap forward. You can do nothing with a man in bed — not even knock him down. My ambition is to form a league of bedfellows. So that if one day some busybody or group of busybodies says, "We 're going to war with France, or Germany, or America," we can reply, "Very well. Then I'm going to bed." Then, after a time, they would have to go to bed too. And they would eventually succumb to the gentle caresses of these sheets and eiderdowns. All their evil intentions would melt away. The world should be ruled, not by Governments or Soviets, but by national doss-houses.'

He yawned, and I pulled up the blind.

'What about the good activities?' I replied.

For a second I thought I had stumped him, or that he was not going to deign to reply. Then the thin rumble of his voice reached me from across the sheets: —

'What you call the good activities can all be performed in bed. That is to say, they can be substituted by a good immobility. The activities of man are essentially predatory. He has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. He is a hunter and slayer, and nothing else at all. All his activities are diversions of this instinct. Commerce is war, capital is a sword, labor is a stomach. Progress means either filling the stomach, or chopping someone else's head off with the sword. Science is an instrument that speeds up the execution. Politics is a game of fan-tan. Colonization is straightforward daylight robbery.'

'I'm not going to waste my morning with a fool,' I said. 'But what about art, and beauty, and charity, and love?'

'In bed,' he mumbled. 'All in bed. They are all of them spiritual things. Bed is the place for them. Was Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" any finer because he got up and wrote it down, and sent it to a fool of a publisher? Charity! Give a man a bed, and charity ceases to have any significance. You have given him a kingdom. There he may

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weave beauty and romance. Love! What a fool you are! Is a bed a less suitable place for love than a County Council tramcar?'

His voice died away above the coverlet. I was about to deliver a vitriolic tirade against his ridiculous theories, but I did not know where to begin, and before I had framed a suitable opening the sound of gentle snoring reached me.

I record this conversation as faithfully as I can recollect, because it will help you to share with me the sense of extreme surprise at certain events which followed, two months later. Of course, George did occasionally get up. Sometimes he went for a gentle stroll in the afternoon, and he belonged to a club downtown where he would go and dine in the evening. After dinner he would watch some of the men play billiards, but he invariably returned to his bed about ten o'clock. He never played any game himself; neither did he, apparently, write or receive letters. Occasionally he read in bed, but he never looked at a newspaper or a magazine. He once said to me that if you read the newspapers you might as well play golf; and the tremulous shiver of disgust in his voice when he uttered the word 'golf' is a thing I shall never forget.

I ask you, then, to imagine my amazement when, two months later, George shaved himself, got up to breakfast, reached a City office at nine o'clock, worked all day, and returned at seven in the evening. You will no doubt have a shrewd idea of the reason, and you are right. She was the prettiest little thing you can imagine, with chestnut hair, and a solemn babyish pucker of the lips. She was as vital as he was turgid. Her name was Maisie Brand. I don't know how he met her, but Maisie, in addition to being pretty and in every way attractive, was a practical modern child. George's two hundred a year might be sufficient to keep him in bed, but it was n't going to be enough to run a household on. Maisie had no use for this bed theory. She was a daughter of sunshine and fresh air, and frocks and theatres, and social life. If George was to win her he must get up in the morning.

On the Sunday after the dramatic change I visited him in his bedroom. He was like a broken man. He groaned when he recognized me.

'I suppose you'll stop in bed all day to-day?' I remarked jauntily.

'I've got to get up this afternoon,' he growled. 'I've got to take her to a concert.'

'Well, how do you like work?' I asked.

'It's torture. Agony. It's awful. Fortunately, I found a fellow sufferer. He works next to me. We take it in turns to have twenty-minute naps, while the other keeps watch.'

I laughed, and quoted: 'Custom lies upon us with a weight, heavy as frost and deep almost as night.' Then I added venomously: —

'Well, I have n't any sympathy for you. It serves you right for the way you've gone on all these years.'

I thought he was asleep again, but at last his drowsy accents proclaimed: —

'What a perfect fool you are! You always follow the line of least resistance.'

I laughed outright at that, and exclaimed, 'Well, if ever there was a case of the pot calling the kettle black!'

There was a long interval, during which I seemed to observe a slow, cumbrous movement in the bed. Doubtless he was exploring. When he spoke again there was a faint tinge of animation in his voice: —

'You are not capable, I suppose, of realizing the danger of it all. You fool!

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Do you think I follow the line of least resistance in bed? Do you think I haven't often wanted to get up and do all these ridiculous things you and your kind indulge in? Can't you see what might happen? Suppose these dormant temptations were thoroughly aroused! My heavens! It 's awful to contemplate. Habit, you say? Yes, I know. I know quite well the risk I am running. Am I to sacrifice all the epic romance of this life between the sheets for the sordid round of petty actions you call life? I was a fool to get up that day. I had a premonition of danger when I awoke at dawn. I said to myself, "George, restrain yourself. Do not be deceived by the hollow sunlight. Above all things, keep clear of the park." But, like a fool, I betrayed my sacred trust. The premonitions which come to one in bed are always right. I got up. And now — By jove! It 's too late!'

Smothered sobs seemed to shake the bed.

'Well,' I said, 'if you feel like that about it, if you think more of your bed than of the girl, I should break it off. She won't be missing much.'

He suddenly sat up and exclaimed: 'Don't you dare —'

Then he sank back on the pillow, and added dispassionately: —

'There, you see already the instinct of activity. A weak attitude. I could crush you more successfully with complete immobility. But these movements are already beginning. They shake me at every turn. Nothing is secure.'

Inwardly chuckling at his discomfiture, I left him.

During the months that followed I did not have opportunities of studying George to the extent that I should have liked, as my work carried me to various parts of the country; but what opportunities I did have I found sufficiently interesting. He certainly improved in health. A slight color tinged his cheeks. He seemed less puffy and turgid. His movements were still slow, but they were more deliberate than of old. His clothes were neat and brushed. The girl was delightful. She came up and chatted with me, and we became great friends. She talked to me quite frankly about George. She laughed about his passion for bed, but declared she meant to knock all that sort of thing out of him. She was going to wake him up thoroughly. She said laughingly that she thought it was perfectly disgusting the way he had been living. I used to try to visualize George making love to her, but somehow the picture would never seem convincing. I do not think it could have been a very passionate affair. Passion was the last thing you would associate with George. I used to watch them walking down the street, the girl slim and vivid, swinging along with broad strides; George, rather flustered and disturbed, pottering along by her side; like a performing bear that is being led away from its bun. He did not appear to look at her, and when she addressed him vivaciously he bent forward his head and held his large ear close to her face. It was as though he were timid of her vitality.

At first the spectacle amused me, but after a time it produced in me another feeling.

'This girl is being thrown away on him. It 's horrible. She 's much too good for George.' And when I was away I was constantly thinking of her, and dreading the day of the wedding, praying that something would happen to prevent it. But, to my deep concern, nothing did happen to prevent it, and they were duly married in April.

They went for a short honeymoon to Brittany, and then returned and occu-

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pied George's old maisonnette below me. The day after their return I had to face a disturbing realization. *I was falling hopelessly in love with Maisie myself.* I could not think of George, or take any interest in him. I was always thinking of her. Her face haunted me. Her charm and beauty, and the pathos of her position, gripped me. I made up my mind that the only thing to do was to go away. I went to Scotland, and on my return took a small flat in another part of London. I wrote to George and gave him my address, and wished him all possible luck. I said I hoped 'some day' to pay them a visit, but if at any time I could be of service would he let me know?

I cannot describe to you the anguish I experienced during the following twelve months. I saw nothing of George or Maisie at all, but the girl was ever present in my thoughts. I could not work. I lived in a state of feverish restlessness. Time and again I was on the point of breaking my resolve, but I managed to keep myself in hand.

It was in the following June that I met Maisie herself, walking down Regent Street. She looked pale and worried. Dark rings encircled her eyes. She gave a little gasp when she saw me, and clutched my hand. I tried to be formal, but she was obviously laboring under some tense emotion.

'My flat is in Baker Street,' I said. 'Will you come and visit me?'

She answered huskily, 'Yes, I will come to-morrow afternoon. Thank you.'

She slipped away in the crowd. I spent a sleepless night. What had happened? Of course, I could see it all. George had gone back to bed. Having once secured her, his efforts had gradually flagged. He had probably left his business — or been sacked — and spent the day sleeping. The poor girl was probably living a life of loneliness and utter poverty. What was I to do? All day long I paced up and down my flat. I dreaded that she might not come. It was just after four that the bell rang. I hastened to answer it myself. It was she. I led her into the sitting-room and tried to be formal and casual. I made some tea and chatted impersonally about the weather and the news of the day. She hardly answered me. Suddenly she buried her face in her hands and broke into tears. I sprang to her and patted her shoulder.

'There, there!' I said. 'What is it? Tell me all about it, Maisie.'

'I can't live with him. I can't live with him any longer,' she sobbed.

I must acknowledge that my heart gave a violent bump, not entirely occasioned by contrition. I murmured as sympathetically as I could, but with prophetic assurance: —

'He 's gone back to bed?'

'Oh, no,' she managed to stammer. 'It 's not that. It 's just the opposite.'

'Just the opposite!'

'He 's so restless, so exhausting. Oh, dear! Yes, please, Mr. Wargrave, give me a cup of tea, and I will tell you all about it.'

For a moment I wondered whether the poor girl 's mental balance had been upset. I poured her out the tea in silence. George restless! George exhausting! Whatever did she mean? She sipped the tea meditatively; then she dabbed her beautiful eyes and told me the following remarkable story.

'It was all right at first, Mr. Wargrave. We were quite happy. He was still — you know, very lazy, very sleepy. It all came about gradually. Every week, however, he seemed to get a little more active and vital. He began to sleep shorter hours and work longer. He liked to be entertained in the evening or to go to a theatre. On Sundays he would go for quite long walks. It went on like that for months. Then

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they raised his position in the firm. He seemed to open out. It was as though during all those years he had spent in bed he had been hoarding up remarkable stores of energy. And suddenly some demon of restlessness got possession of him. He began to work frenziedly. At first he was pleasant to me; then he became so busy he completely ignored me. At the end of six months they made him manager of a big engineering works at Waltham Green. One of the directors, a Mr. Sturge, said to me one day, "This husband of yours is a remarkable man. He is the most forceful person we have ever employed. What has he been doing all these years? Why have n't we heard of him before?" He would get up at six in the morning, have a cold bath, and study for two hours before he went off to work. He would work all day like a fury. They say he was a perfect slave-driver in the works. Only last week he sacked a man for taking a nap five minutes over his lunch hour. He would get home about eight o'clock, have a hurried dinner, and then insist on going to the opera or playing bridge. When we got back he would read till two or three in the morning. Oh, Mr. Wargrave, he has got worse and worse. He never sleeps at all. He terrifies me. On Sunday it is just the same. He works all the morning. After lunch he motors out to Northwood and plays eighteen holes before tea and eighteen after.'

'What!' I exclaimed. 'Golf!'

'Golf, and science, and organization are his manias. They say he 's invented some wonderful labor-saving appliances on the plant, and he 's planning all kinds of future activities. The business of the firm is increasing enormously. They pay him well, but he still persists in living in that maisonnette. He says he 's too busy to move.'

'Is he cruel to you?'

'If complete indifference and neglect is cruelty, he is most certainly cruel. Sometimes he gives me a most curious look, as though he hated me and yet he can't account for me. He allows me no intimacy of any sort. If I plead with him he does n't answer. I believe he holds me responsible for all these dormant powers which have got loose and which he cannot now control. I do not think his work gives him any satisfaction. It is as though he were driven on by some blind force. Oh, Mr. Wargrave, I can't go on. It is killing me. I must run away and leave him.'

'Maisie,' I murmured, and I took her hand.

The immediate subsequent proceedings are not perhaps entirely necessary to record in relating this story, which is essentially George's story. The story of Maisie and myself could comfortably fill a stout volume, but as it concerns two quite unremarkable people, who were just human and workaday, I do not expect that you would be interested to read it. In any case, we have no intention of writing it, so do not be alarmed.

I can only tell you that during that year of her surprising married life Maisie had thought of me not a little, and this dénouement rapidly brought things to a head. After this confession we used to meet every day. We went for rambles, and picnics, and to matinées; and, of course, that kind of thing cannot go on indefinitely. We both detested the idea of an intrigue. And eventually we decided that we would cut the Gordian knot and make a full confession. Maisie left him and went to live with a married sister.

That same morning I called on George. I arrived at the maisonnette just before six o'clock, as I knew that that was the most likely time to catch him. Without any preliminary ceremony I

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made my way into the familiar bedroom. George was in bed. I stood by the door and called out to him loudly: 'George!'

Like a flash he was out of bed and standing in his pyjamas, facing me. He had changed considerably. His face was lined and old, but his eyes blazed with a fury of activity. He awed me. I stammered out my confession.

'George, I 'm awfully sorry, old chap. I have a confession to make to you. It comes in the first place from Maisie. She has decided that she cannot live with you any longer. She thinks you have neglected her and treated her badly. She refuses to come back to you under any circumstances. Indeed, she — she and I — er — '

I tailed off dismally, and looked at him. For a moment I thought he was going to bear down on me. I know that if he had I should have been supine. I should have stood there and let him slaughter me. I felt completely overpowered by the force of his personality. I believe I shivered. He hovered by the edge of the bed, then he turned and looked out of the window. He stood there solemnly for nearly a minute, then he emitted a profound sigh. Without more ado he got back into bed. There was an immense upheaval of the sheets. He seemed to be burrowing down into some vast and as yet unexplored cave of comfort. He rolled and heaved, and at length became inert. I stood there, waiting for my answer. Sparrows twittered outside on the window box. I don't know how long I waited. I felt that I could not go until he had spoken.

At length his voice came. It seemed to reach me across dim centuries of memory, an old, tired, cosy, enormously contented, sleep-encrusted voice: —

'S 'll right,' said the voice. 'Tell Mrs. Chase she need n't bring up my shaving water this morning.'

LOOKING BACK

BY BLANAID SALKELD

[*Irish Statesman*]

I AM not sorry for lost
Youth and seriousness —
Now that dreams are a jest,
And love seems less
Than a heard-of ghost
That would have no tie
With known history.
Have I not trod
Regions of dream,
Muse-led, muse-kissed?
This had I missed
Had Eve feared God.

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DEFENSE OF THE WEST[1]

BY HENRI MASSIS

(Translated by F. S. Flint)

[THIS is the last half of a long study of the decay of Western civilization. The author's thesis is that Europe is now being subjected to an organized attack of destructive Eastern ideas. He devoted the first half of his essay to symptoms and manifestations; here he develops his idea to its conclusion.]

'PUT a Russian desire under a fortress,' said Joseph de Maistre, 'and it will blow it up.' And Michelet himself was alarmed at the power for destruction of a nation so badly trained among the human races. 'When it is said that one of the West is a doubter, a skeptic,' he wrote in 1863, 'it is never absolutely true. A man may be a skeptic in history who is a firm believer in chemistry or physics. Here everyone believes in something; the soul is never empty. But in this Russian world, ignorant, barbarous, kept empty of mind and becoming so by tradition, if this state were to last, if man were once to start down the slope of doubt, there would be nothing to stop him, nothing to act as a counterpoise or balance; we should have the terrible spectacle of a populace without ideas, principles, or feelings; a people who would march toward the West with a blind movement, having lost its soul and will, striking at random, like a fearful automaton, like a dead body galvanized into action that strikes and can still kill.' The frontier of the world of Law is where it was in the Middle Ages, on the Vistula and the Danube. . . . When we admit Russia, we admit cholera, dissolution, death. 'What, O philosopher,' remonstrates in its softest voice the young Russian school that flourishes in our reviews, 'you set yourselves apart from your brothers! Where is your philosophy?' Such is Russian propaganda, infinitely varied according to the peoples and countries. Yesterday it said, 'I am Christianity.' Tomorrow it will say, 'I am Socialism.'

To-day, going back to its origins, Russia is turning toward the East, that East whose instincts she has inherited from her rude Tatar masters, and kept alive by the contact of centuries. She is now saying to these peoples, who are well fitted to understand her: 'Russia stretches out her hand to Asia, not for her to embrace her ideal, nor for her to share her social conceptions, but because she needs eight hundred million Asiatics to fight European imperialism and capitalism.' These words of Zinoviev, the President of the Committee of the Third International, at the Baku Congress in 1920, are merely a commentary on the famous phrase of Lenin: 'Let us turn toward Asia; we shall overcome the West by way of the East.'

But in Asia the Bolsheviki pose as idealists, mystics, and liberators. In

[1] From the *New Criterion* (London literary quarterly), *June*

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secret, they dream of giving an overlord to these Asiatic peoples, in whom there is an inarticulate desire for unity; and, in the Moscow Orientalist review, *Novii Vostok* (The New East), may be read: 'Recently Russia has taken the name of Eurasia, and this new Russia is above all the master and guide of the East, which is groaning in the chains of moral and economic slavery, and which is struggling for a better future. Moscow is the Mekka and the Medina for all these subject peoples.'

And by the paths followed in the past by 'the soldiers and *tchinovniks* (bureaucrats) of the Tsar, pioneers and organizers of another kind are penetrating to-day into Persia, India, China, Japan, Korea, and the Near East.' They bring with them, or find on the spot, the experimental formula of organization suited to their scheme: 'to fertilize the latent nationalism of these Asiatic communities subject to foreign dominations and for long rendered immune against any outside germ, but which, having arrived at a certain point of decadence, are in that state of expectation, of prophetic, messianic, and millennial exaltation, which is the precursor of great migratory movements, and which has been excited by the universal upheaval of the war.' The period foretold by Renan seems at hand when the Slav, like the dragon of the Apocalypse, whose tail swept a third part of the stars, will drag in his train the masses of Central Asia, the old following of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.

While Bolshevism is thus preparing to reopen the old roads of invasion that have been closed for many centuries, Germany is in a mood of anxious questioning. Will she ally herself with Soviet Russia, or try again to find her stay in the West? These two tendencies in turn tempt an identical nationalism. But as the internal recovery of Germany advances, she looks less and less to Asia. Asiaticism, which was characteristic of her mental depression, was never so flourishing as at the time of the worst collapse of the mark. But even those of her thinkers who are inclining her toward Asia are preparing the way for a realistic policy of Germano-Slav domination. Germany intends to remain Occidental in the measure of her belief that she possesses a genius for organization. She feels that she is fitted to become again the permanent conscience of the world (*das dauernde Weltgewissen*), or at least the centre of gravity of the East. For if she thinks that the axis of Europe is going to shift, she conceives of herself as the magnetic pole of the Slav and Asiatic peoples, as the initiator of the 'Russian civilization' prophesied by Spengler. And did she not, even at the height of her despair, dream of becoming the Rome that should discipline the Neo-Messianism of the East, the capital of that vast Eurasia which would unite the east of Europe to the Asiatic steppes, excluding entirely the overthrown Latin races? On this last point Germanism and Russian Asiaticism are in agreement; and it is here that they are a danger of the same kind for the future of civilization.

Such an agreement is in a way in the nature of things. Astonishment has often been expressed at the extreme favor that Protestantism enjoys among the Orthodox, when it should have been as hated on the Neva as it is on the Tiber. It is because all isolated communities are at one in their hatred of united Catholicism. Thomas Mann quotes with praise the passage in which Dostoevskii shows that Germany is a living protest against the Latin civilization imposed by the Roman Empire on Western Europe — and this since the victory of Hermann over the legions of Varus. 'Although,' he says, 'the

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Germans have never given voice to their own ideal and doctrine, in order to substitute their positivity for the old Roman idea they have shaken, I believe that one day they will be in a position to say this word, radiantly new, and, in so doing, decisively to take the lead of a higher humanity. At the time of the Lutheran Reformation the voice of God thundered through them over the world to announce the liberation of the mind. The formula of protest had been found, although it remained negative and although the positive liberating word had never been said.'

In this spiritual war that it has declared on the human race the Russo-Bolshevist idea should find in the German idea a sort of preëstablished complicity, of secret connivance, a same basis of permanent hostility to the principles of Latin civilization. Germanism, Slavism; it is at these common sources that all that is in revolt against the eternal order takes its strength. It is at their contact that all the old Asiatic heresies, which are always ready to revive as soon as the solidarity of Europe is threatened, are galvanized into action and awaken their slumbering forces.

How comes it that, on the plea of promoting the 'fusion of minds of the East and the West,' the messengers from Asia — the Tagores, the Okakuras, Gandhi himself — find themselves in agreement with all the most destructive elements in European doctrines? It is clear that they know where the breaches are, and are seeking for the lines of least spiritual resistance in order to find their way into the dissociated body of the West. This passage from Kokuzo bears clear witness to this; we see in it how the Eastern nationalists, formed, moreover, in our own universities, make use of the ways of approach offered by what Amanda Cooromaswamy calls 'the religion of modern Europe,' the *religion of idealistic individualism:* 'Our mission,' he says, 'does not consist merely in returning to our own ancient ideal, but also in feeling and reviving the dormant life of the former unity of Asia. The sorry problems of Western society urge us to seek in Indian religion and in Chinese ethics for a higher solution. *The tendencies of Europe, as shown in German philosophy and Russian mysticism, are turning toward the East,* and *help* us in investigating the more subtle and more noble aspects of human life, which will carry these nations themselves nearer the stars in the night of their material surrender.'

German philosophy, Russian mysticism, these are the roads chosen, reconnoitred in advance; idealism, the mask that these Oriental nationalists borrow, in order the better to allure us, the better to make themselves understood. They are working with our own ideas in order to turn them against us. They use grand words taken from our liberal vocabulary in order to lay claim to things which we have created and which are absolutely foreign to them. As Chesterton says: 'I sympathize with people who demand simple things and ask for their temple, their land, their money; but when they become pedantic and demand things that come out of a European textbook, I call it impudence.'

But these spiritual notions are in fact aimed at the annihilation of the West. Amanda Cooromaswamy, in the *Dance of Giva,* quotes the 'remarkable words' of Viscount Borio: 'Equality in peace can never be attained until it is built up on the ruins of the vanished Western States.' One of the founders of the Oriental League of Tokyo, M. Ikuta Choko, to whom Japan is indebted for a translation of Nietzsche, wrote some time ago: 'Western civilization, sunk in materialism . . .

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is on the eve of shipwreck. Our League will have no *raison d'être* unless it undertakes to renew the life of humanity. *Our task is once again to Orientalize the world.*' And in the manifesto of the League we read: 'Peace and happiness will not be assured to men until Asia conquers the whites — not driven to it by hate, but merely by the thought of bringing them back to justice, to true civilization, which is spiritual and not material.'

But the hatred is not far away, and I will quote these words of Count Okuma, the creator of a Japanese association with the object of drawing India into the orbit of Japanese imperialism. 'By marching on the West,' he says, 'against the Balkans, France, and Italy, the greater part of the world may be brought under our sway. The tyranny of the Anglo-Saxons at the Peace Conference filled gods and men with rage.' Asiatic intellectuals like Kawakami content themselves with announcing 'the coming day that will give to Asia, in the matter of civilization, a superiority that will throw Europe into the shade.'

A very definite political realism is, in fact, hidden under this idealist propaganda. They are working for the formation of a Greater Asia by a Sino-Japanese alliance. 'Russo-Japanese friendship,' wrote a Japanese statesman, Viscount Goto, a few months ago, 'is the key of this alliance; it will harmonize the civilizations of the East and West. A Russo-Sino-Japanese *entente* will establish peace in the Pacific on the basis of liberty and equality.' The Russo-Japanese agreement was signed on January 20, 1925. As M. Maurice Muret rightly observes in his book, *The Twilight of the White Nations,* only necessity could have forced a nation as devoted as Japan to her monarchical and aristocratic institutions to expose herself to the dangers of an alliance with the Soviets. For that matter, it was under the pressure of hard necessity that Japan took that step. She was afraid of isolation. Abandoned by England, her ally in the war, cut off from the United States, who closed the door against her by the Immigration Act, — which has justly been called the greatest possible international error, the most pregnant with terrible consequences that has been committed since the Peace, — Japan had to look for friends elsewhere. The alliance with the Soviets saved her from isolation, under particularly favorable conditions, if the diplomatic activity shown by Russia in Central Asia and the Far East is remembered. Thus Japan, who Westernized herself against her will, is thrown back on Asia; Russia, cut off from Europe, is also thrown back on Asia. At the two extremities of this mysterious world, a colossal reservoir of human beings, two nations more advanced in the path of technical progress look to each other and plan to conquer it.

The signing of the Russo-Japanese treaty caused particular rejoicing in Moscow. Chicherin declared to one of the staff of *Izvestia:* 'This treaty is the signal for an essential change-about in the Far East, and also in international politics.' And M. Stickloff announced in regard to it that a new era was beginning in the history of the world, an era that would be marked by the coming alliance of Japan, Russia, China, and Germany. There is an attempt to form a Germano-Asiatic bloc, but the action of the Soviets is the leaven of this Asiatic world that has evolved so marvelously in five years. The reason is that the Soviets, as seen from the East, look like an Asiatic reaction against European civilization. The East greets and loves the Soviets less for what they bring than for what they destroy. It sees in them the factor that

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will humiliate and crush the masters under whose 'oppression' they have suffered so long.

Such are the facts, such is the reality that is hidden in the Bengalee poetry of a Tagore, the Tolstoian gospel of a Gandhi. When the propagandists of the 'Knowledge of the East' are working to revive Eastern culture and thought, to denounce the destructive spirit of the civilization of the West, they are furthering the plans of a political coalition that may give rise to a conflict more inhuman than all the others, and that would plunge the universe into the abyss once more. It is doubtless some such anticipation that intoxicates M. Romain Rolland when he writes: 'As an historian by trade, accustomed to watch the great tides of the mind ebb and flow, I describe this one that is rising in the depths of the East. It will not ebb till it has overflowed the banks of Europe.' (Preface to the *Young India*, by Gandhi.) And in another passage he adds: 'Asia will conquer us as Rome and Athens once conquered — by the *mind*.'

On the plea of welcoming 'the ample and calm metaphysic' of India, its conception of the universe, its wisdom of life, the breach through which an anarchy, no less barbarous than invasions, will flow, dissolving our institutions and our customs, is being opened and enlarged. The word so far, in idealistic language, is only of a sort of spiritual invasion ready to roll in on us from the high plateaux of Asia to 'regenerate' the races of the West, abandoned in the evening of their ill fate. We must not wait until the 'storms longed for' by some European deserters have destroyed our world, before denouncing those who have become the accomplices of this Asiaticism. We must first attack those who are propagating these ideas among us. It is in the West that we must first look for the ideologists who, on the pretense of opening up to us the ideas of the East, are betraying civilization, and their own vocation. These are the real fosterers of the crisis in Western thought, and, to put it bluntly, in thought itself.

> The spirits thou dost summon up,
> Thou shalt not lose them evermore.

Ideas have their responsibilities no less than men have; and, as Barbey d'Aurevilly said: 'All philosophy passes into facts; the most lofty speculation has its feet in the practice of life; principles guide men, even the lowest of them, by a chain of logic on their necks.'

Among all the subversive forces that are undermining Europe, ideas too generate events, which follow closely after the body of ideas that covers them, this, indeed, opening up the way for them, increasing their fatal violence and multiplying their dangers. The object is to disarm mind and energy before the imminent march of events. We have seen the sources; we still have to discuss the main themes of the fallacious doctrines hiding under the mask of a vague Orientalism. For notwithstanding the strange motives that these doctrines find in the endless varieties of Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, and Taoist metaphysics, where all and everything may be found, these pseudo-Asiatic ideas would certainly not exist if they were not in a way galvanized into life by contact with Western heresies, mainly of Germanic or Slav origin.

First of all, this anti-Western propaganda may be recognized by the fact that it takes advantage of the disorder in Europe, of the state of lassitude that follows great upheavals, in order to keep up in us the idea of our deterioration and decline. Europe, which has now hardly any other education than

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the ruin of her memory, is only too ready to yield to the baleful wail of this historic fatalism to which Hindu pessimism adds the progressive mirage of cycles of thousands of years. To-day, Europe feels only as a burden on her will and her soul all those former civilizations which the erudition of the nineteenth century evoked from the past of humanity, but which she cannot harmonize in her mind. Hence this need of novelty that torments her. She worships change only because she feels bowed beneath the weight of weariness of the whole universe. At the time that she needs to expend all her energies in the defense of the eternal principles that are the foundation of civilization, the mass of her historical memories overwhelms her and prevents her from reacting in the direction of preservation and life.

Does Europe still hold the 'secret of civilization'? She asks herself the question, and doubt seizes her as she meditates despairingly on the zenith and decay of vanished races. Revolutions and reconstructions have confirmed her in the weakening belief that there is always something perpetually in course of surrender; and already she is consoling herself with the thought that the 'slaughter of one is the nourishment of another in this movement of natural cannibalism that varies so little from century to century.' And in face of this Asiatic menace with which we are dealing, are there not people who say to themselves, like the aged Renan: 'There is no doubt that these peoples will bring new ideas to humanity. This will not be accomplished without great disturbance in the general sequence of events. But the Barbarians also somewhat disturbed society in the fourth century, and there is no doubt that humanity is indebted to them for much'? That is the point of view of Sirius, the mental debacle of humanity ready to surrender. As Chesterton says: 'The man who is fighting for his country is never haunted by the refrain of vanished empires.' And history teaches us other things besides skepticism; it shows us that the only man to perish is he who neglects the conditions of all life and all liberty, the permanent rules of safety and the means of defense. History also brings into evidence what has been rightly called the *law of the rampart.*

Another theme from these doctrines of dissolution which they are trying to acclimatize among us under cover of Asiaticism is that of the materialism of Western civilization. We hear of the 'disanimation' of Europe, to which our enslavement to material power of necessity inclines us, and we are offered Buddhism or Hinduism as a counterpoise that will save us from being drawn into the abyss. Before the gloomy spectacle of Europe as we see it to-day, no one could dream of bringing forward in her favor the homicidal benefits of her puny mastery over matter; and when we desire to defend the West against its detractors, it is not our aim to apologize for its defects, its excesses, its surrenders, but to restore the essential principles, the true traditions of our civilization, that may save it and the human race with it. We have need to find ourselves again and not to lose ourselves. If, as an aid to this necessary recovery, we expect nothing from Asia, it is because the pseudo-Orientalism of its defenders is most often only an exotic form of the return to nature, of the 'Rousseauism' that, with progressive intentions, has led to a general retrogression. It is the same distrust of civilization, the same hatred of society and of law. Rabindranath Tagore denounces the misdeeds of Western machinery and technique in the same tone in which Rousseau condemned the corruption of Athens, the deca-

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dence of Rome, the humanism of the Renaissance, in order to exalt the Scythians, the Early Persians, and the Germans of Tacitus. We find in the Asiatic propagandists and the Genevese philosopher the same wild declamations against the progress of industry, which is condemned, not for its excesses, but for itself, in the name of virtue and primitive simplicity. And this vague 'naturism' that exploits the discontent of the modern soul, in order to rouse all human propensities against the defects of our organization, clothes itself in a spurious theosophism that is as foreign to Hindu metaphysics as to ancient Chinese ethics.

This is the teaching, for example, of the last books of Maurice Maeterlinck. Everyone knows his famous contrast between what he calls the Western and the Eastern lobes of the human brain: 'The one,' says the author of the *Unknown Guest*, 'produces here reason, science, and consciousness; the other secretes yonder intuition, religion, and subconsciousness. The one reflects only the infinite and the unknowable; the other is interested only in what it can limit, what it can hope to understand. They represent, in an image that may be illusory, the struggle between the material and the moral ideals of humanity. They have more than once tried to penetrate each other, to mingle, to work in harmony; but the Western lobe, at least over the most active part of our globe, has up to the present paralyzed and almost destroyed the efforts of the other. We owe to it, not only our extraordinary progress in all the material sciences, but also catastrophes such as we are experiencing to-day, which, unless we take care, will not be the last or the worst. It is time,' Maeterlinck concludes, 'to rouse the paralyzed Oriental lobe.' And thereupon he elaborates for our use a sort of occult syncretism that is not only a danger to the Christian faith, but that threatens the dissolution of the reason in its most fundamental aspects, that gives rise to fears, in a not very remote future, of disorders in the 'religious consciousness' of which the Gnostic and Neo-Platonic aberrations at the beginning of our era offer only a feeble notion. And Europe in fact was in a very similar state when a similar dogma came to it from Alexandria. Everywhere remedies were sought in ecstasy, in cosmogonic reveries, in theurgy, and in the illuminism of false prophets.

In truth, the so-called Oriental doctrines which have been propounded to us in recent years are only a sort of pseudo-mystical syncretism, worked out by a professor of the history of religions, a runaway Sanskrit scholar, a German philosopher, and spread by theosophists and pacifists in the pay of newly established nations. When stated thus, the famous dilemma, 'East and West,' betrays its origin immediately.

But there are methods of Orientalizing us more specious, doctrines more circuitous, less open ways, than those of the theosophists or occultists. The poison of the East, in the form most easily assimilated, insinuates itself very subtly by attacks aimed at the very notion of *personality*, at autonomy, at the spiritual and moral identity of the human composite, at that substantial reality which makes us master of our actions and independent with regard to the things of sense.

This dissolution of the human personality is the feature that strikes us in the most recent manifestations of our young literary men — the disciples of Marcel Proust and André Gide, for example; it is the sign that marks this influence and this new literary acquisition. All the characters drawn by our young authors are recognizable by the

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fact that they are no longer 'centred,' and have a strange resemblance to each other that is well adapted to distinguish them from all the human types that have hitherto appeared in French literature. There is about them something loose, something like a refusal to take form, to be formed, to straighten out, to make unity of their discords. There is no effort to concentrate on any point in their sensibility, but an entirely material sincerity in which the mind no longer plays a part. Not only have their intelligence and their will no distinct aim, but it seems that the subject himself is looking for an indiscoverable 'ego,' as if the end of modern individualism, after having made itself the centre of everything in order to live the selfish life of the passions and the senses, must finally result in a total dilution, a complete reabsorption into the original confusion of things. It might also be said that these new characters, which have issued from the dissociations of a morbid psychology, are not even in search of an identity, in which they seem no longer to believe, and that they tend by instinct to escape from the grip of the world in order to slip away from themselves. It is the lassitude of a generation that was bruised too soon by life, and that has no discipline of heart or mind to defend it against that feeling of powerlessness to which so many disappointments have made it prone.

But it is here that Asiaticism lies in wait for us. For what affinity has Asia with us? What feeling can she satisfy, in so far as we are capable of receiving her untranslatable message, unless it be a certain taste for self-defeat, a need, as it were, for self-destruction. The *annihilation of the personality* — that is what, rightly or wrongly, we are seeking and finding in approaching her soul; for it begins by breaking up all our ways of being and thinking, by depriving us in advance of the very qualities that would shelter us from its infection, by plunging us into a sort of diffused knowledge, which, just because of the amount it claims to comprehend and embrace, must first of all give up the attempt to define itself. It seems that we can advance in knowledge of Asia only on condition that at the outset we divest ourselves of this desire for definition, for precision, for separation, that is native to the Western mind in its full vigor; and whatever its teachings may at bottom be, such is undoubtedly the clearest result of Asiatic influence.

The radical and essential opposition between the East and the West lies in the different idea that each has of man and his relation to the universe. Here in the West, man has desired *to be;* he has not consented to lose himself in things, or subscribed to the notion that the human personality is nothing but a mere dependence of nature playing with the illusion of living forms and confounding all life in an immense equivocation. It is this resistance that characterizes the man of the West. Distinction, choice — these are the mark of his thought, formulated once for all in the great ages in the classic maxim of Anaxagoras: 'At the beginning all things were confused; intelligence came and put each thing in its place.' It is from the vision of this order, the intellectual hierarchies that it forms, from the idea of resemblances and differences, that there springs by a process at once rational and natural the general movement, and in particular that development of the human personality which right from the beginning is so striking in the history of the West.

The Asiatic hierarchy, on the other hand, seems to have a character of pure force, pure will, even of pure intellection, and at the same time an arbitrary character, either natural or

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human. From the first, Oriental speculation plunged into the contemplation of the One identical with the All, and the limits of the human personality, and the opposition of the forces composing it, vanished, lost in the troubled waves of the nameless powers composing it. Turned fixedly inward, accustomed to establish a close and permanent correspondence between himself and the universe, the Asiatic becomes absorbed until the identity of his *ego* with the unattainable Being, an inhabitant of the abyss, is revealed to him. Thus he comes to regard his own life as a painful accident in the swarming of universal life. Existence seems to him an evil, and personality the radical evil, of which he must divest himself in order to reach the beatitude which he can find only in the hallucination of nothingness, in an illusory transcendentalism, if not in a radical agnosticism in which there is no longer any God, any soul, any external world—nothing but the torrent of things.

Whether it be the Upanishads or the Vedanta, which destroys the idea of the external world, the belief in the reality of the universe, or the Samkhya, which destroys the idea of God, or the Yoga, which abolishes the reason and even the use of thought, or Buddhism, which denies the existence of the soul, all Asiatic wisdom ends in the final dissolution of personality. The necessary consequence is the annihilation of human activity, and the paralyzing of the nerve of action which it regards only with disgust and a transcendent pity. Balance of thought and action, on the other hand, is the quality proper to the West, its authentic philosophy. Pessimism and distaste for effort are the distinctive marks of the Asiatic. But the kernel lies in 'depersonalization,' the aim and end of his effort, whether he seeks in it salvation, deliverance from the whirlwind of continual reincarnations, the pain of successive rebirths, or whether he destroys the illusion of consciousness, or frees himself from the material, emotional, and intellectual ego in order to contemplate the divine soul. And all these doctrines in the end lead back to the pantheism from which they originated; all the efforts of the theosophists tend toward one end, which is that of all the mystical pantheists — the real identity of the subject and the object, of the individual soul and the universal soul, of man and God.

There is in Asia, as Chesterton says, 'a great evil spirit who is trying to melt everything in the same crucible, and who represents everything bathing in an immense pool.' There is nothing worse for the West than this method of thought, which aims at abolishing the lines of demarcation, both those of human personality and those of property. These Asiatic doctrines are all the more likely to destroy the West because it is no longer sure of its laws or of its institutions, and because it has a divided mind in a sick body.

Thus the Western man has no more pressing need than the need for fresh definitions. His difficulties are not entirely due to the circumstances that are bruising him. The struggle that shakes the City rages first of all in himself. And from what is he suffering? From his diverse thought, his different faiths, his unequal sciences, his individual moral systems, his different forms of education. He needs a systematizing truth whence to draw the soul of his actions. His fundamental and essential weakness lies in his mind, which is perpetually tossed hither and thither between his certainties and his guesses, his virtues and his cupidities. Without a doctrine, without a common spirit, without a philosophy which would give the same name to the same

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things, and would understand the same ideas by the same signs, there is no remedy to be found in words that ruin States as they ruin individuals.

The younger generation in Europe know this. They are eager to discover the 'elements of the universal discipline to which they will deliberately give their adherence.' At the root of their agony, of this new *mal du siècle* from which they are suffering, can be felt a sort of great questioning of the foundations of all morals and of our whole spirit. They begin to dream: 'It is time to found a new church, to return to philosophy, to the cult of wisdom.' And it is these vague desires that this pseudo-Oriental metaphysic is trying to capture. It exploits the discontent of their mind and masks with the charm of poetry and mystery the savage appetites of racial rivalry.

Asiatic pantheism, transplanted to Berlin, assumes the guise of a warlike claim; Russian Communism, which is based fundamentally on the Tolstoian doctrine of nonresistance to evil, becomes everywhere a conquering Slavism; behind the Hindu chant the rhythm of rebellion and wrath may be heard. Because the problem is spiritual in the first place, we are apt to fail to see these harsh realities, or to be ready to give ear to false prophets who persuade us to a catastrophic conception of the universe. 'The great nations of the West are on the eve of ruin,' groans M. Romain Rolland. 'This talk of revenge and supremacy is all very fine. If these mad dogs persist in tearing each other to pieces, the heavy hand of fate will find means to separate them by beating them down, bruised and humiliated. . . . And fate is wise when nations are mad. Fate has taken the helm. Let him who can wrest it from her. . . .'

This fate has a name and a face. In order to overcome the dangers that threaten us, we must be able to name them. To put it briefly, they are Bolshevism and Asiaticism. The whole of civilization is reduced to defending itself against this dark barbarism which is so powerfully organized. But we have to choose between the most strict observance of the conditions of all life and liberty and the rapid eclipse of these two possessions. Civilization will live only in so far as we will it to live, and form of it a master idea, a governing idea, a fundamental idea. Are we resigned to perishing? 'If we are not, we must be prepared for a whole-hearted and universal service. No one without injustice or opprobrium can take refuge above the universal struggle. When everything is being spent and poured out, by what scandalous exception can the man of intellect only, the man of powerful intellect, hold himself aloof? How can that which can create so much moral force be loath to serve? It would be treason. No man of honor, no man with any care for the future, could choose such a course.'

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THE SALVATION OF ANATOLE FRANCE[1]

BY LOUIS ROUGIER

(*Translated by Richard Aldington*)

The scene is the Valley of Jehoshaphat on the day of the Last Judgment. In the foreground, the prisoners' dock; in the background, the Son in all His glory sits at the right hand of the Father. The stars fall on the earth like ripe figs, in order that a prediction in the Apocalypse may be fulfilled. Saint Peter, who has assumed the functions of Clerk of the Court, calls the guilty prisoners in alphabetical order. It is Anatole France's turn. He comes forward smiling, wearing a fur cap which he does not remove, with his book on Thaïs in his hand to keep him in countenance. The amiable Academician comes to the bar and delivers the following speech: —

ETERNAL, —

I am now to prove three points: (1) That you do not exist; (2) Supposing you do exist, that you are not amiable; (3) Supposing you do exist and are amiable, that a man should behave as if you did not exist.

First point: You do not exist.

What image can I form of you? I have not seen you, either in the burning bush of Moses, or on Mount Sinai among thunderbolts and the roar of thunder, or on Mount Tabor in the guise of Elijah in the dazzling confusion of ophthalmia. Tertullian pretends that you are material; the Eleatics that you are a well-polished and rounded sphere; the Alexandrians that you are amorphous and limitless; my illustrated Bible that you are an old man with a snowy beard; the Cubists that you are a rhombohedron. Which am I to believe? Or are you all this at once, like the cloud Hamlet pointed out to Polonius on the terrace at Elsinor, which was like a camel, a weasel, and a whale? I cannot conceive of you from your works. They are paltry and decrepit. One lucky success occurs among innumerable failures. One efficient organism implies an enormous mass of spoiled matter. Thanks to original sin — *felix culpa!* — which allowed him to taste of the tree of knowledge, man through his industry has succeeded in palliating the errors and correcting the mistakes of your labor as a bad clockmaker and a bad mason. By means of glasses he rectifies the eye, that apparatus of which a celebrated physician has said that if it had been supplied him by an optician he would have refused to accept it. With drugs and potions he prolongs the existence of a weak body which is so badly constructed that he is in danger every moment of ceasing to breathe. After this, I cannot believe in you, merely from my respect for you. It seems to me that a world so badly arranged can only be the work of the Devil or of some clumsy demiurgus. In order to avoid blaspheming you, I prefer to keep you in the category of the ideal.

The notion of you is eminently con-

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tradictory. How are we to conciliate the plurality of your perfections with the simplicity of your nature? If you are the Necessary Being, then all your acts are necessitated; therefore creation is not a free and superabundant gift of your love. You are essentially just and infinitely good; but goodness is the privilege of making justice yield to forgiveness. You are one God in three persons. Let us rather confess, with Suarez, that the principle of identity does not apply to you. But notice the consequence: that principle is the very law of our thought; we can know nothing which does not submit to it. Therefore, you are for us the Unknowable. Why, then, do you become angry with atheists and accuse them of denying you? It is like reproaching us for not being able to see behind us when you have only given us eyes in front.

Small-minded people are always repeating that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him. They must have a cause for the universe, and they invent one in their own image. If everything requires a cause, there must be a cause for God Himself; and so we have made a great advance! Will it be said that God is an exception to the rule? Why, then, should not the world be an exception? Moreover, if God is necessary, I see no reason why it should be you, Jehovah, any more than Renan!

Second point: Supposing you do exist, you are not amiable.

First of all, you are not in the least interesting. You have everything, and do not need us at all. You are infinitely beatified, and your beatitude prevents you from sympathizing with our miseries. Pity and admiration are equally forbidden to you, for you cannot emerge from your sempiternal apathy. Allow my solicitude to reach out to those innocent creatures who, by your paternal goodness, are made to live in poverty, among calamity and death. They suffer and they need consolation; they are pitiful and justify our interest.

You are eternal and always the same. God! How tedious you must be; there is plenty of time to think of you. Earthly goods and the people here below, you see, are transitory things; they live for the space of a morning and then dissolve into nothingness. Allow us to prolong their uncertain duration by our concern for them and the memory we keep of them. The only thing which deserves to be loved is that which we shall never see twice. Jesus has clearly pointed this out. 'Save the ass,' said he, 'which has fallen into the well, for you have plenty of time to think of the Sabbath.' You cannot fly away, since you fill the whole of space; you cannot change, since you are immutable. We can always come to you, because we always have you at hand. O wisdom of fair sinful women who become penitents when the flower of their youth is faded and when they can no longer inspire desire or dispense pleasures!

You have all perfections. To me this is a reason for disliking you. In the long run, perfection wearies and becomes boring. The *Addolorata* of a primitive is more captivating than the Minerva of the villa Albani, who reflects so cold a perfection. 'There is poetry in the intoxication of Thrace,' said Renan to Athena; and the originality of characters is made up less from the qualities they conceal than from the defects on which they pride themselves. For my part, I prefer Lilith's prayer to your *Pater:* 'O God, grant me death that I may taste life. O God, grant me remorse that I may find pleasure.'

Evil is the condition of good; joys are only felt in contrast with sorrows. In this sense, you only exist because of the

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Devil. He is the true author of the universe, he is its charm and its beauty! Like a faithful servant, he repaired the enormous gap in your creation by a sacrifice of incalculable extent. He made possible your insolent glorification at the expense of his eternal damnation. There is the voluntary victim to whom we address in thanks our lauds and our benedictions. To him the tears of the Psalmist, to him the secret ardors in the hearts of women. My good man, between ourselves, he has left you in a very paltry position; he has chosen the better part.

What sort of cult do you expect from us? We know you only through your creations, and they bear a most regrettable witness of you. Through them only can I address that cult which you claim for yourself alone. In Jesus Christ it is the son of man who manifests the Son of God. It was the Galilean with red curled locks who dwelt in the heart of Magdalen, not the second hypostasis of the Trinity. Observe your illogicality and your folly. The more we try to glorify your creations, the more you are piqued and go about pretending that this is sinful. What would you say of an author who was annoyed with me for writing to him: 'I do not know you personally, but I have read your works; I admire them, and the greatest homage I can give you is the pleasure I take in them.' Are you so conscious of having made a mess of your seven days' labors that you blame us for finding a little pleasure in them? For I enclose you in this dilemma: Either you blush for your work, or you are jealous of yourself.

You say it is a sin to render a cult to your creations. Yet this is the condition of my nature, since I am subject to the original blemish. Not to err would be for me to rebel, to commit the sin of pride, the sin against the Holy Ghost, the only sin which is not forgiven. What ruined Paphnuce was that he was not humble enough to commit sin with Thaïs immediately. Is it not proved by statistics that the profession of ladies of pleasure has provided the calendar of the Church with more saints than any other? Hence the just wrath of Pascal with the diabolical pride of the Stoics; for him Marcus Aurelius was a Lucifer! Verily I say unto you: Woe unto him that hath not sinned at least once, for it will be harder for him to harvest the vineyard of the Lord than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle!

Third point: Supposing you do exist and that you are amiable, yet we should behave as if you did not exist.

We are told it is a duty to thank you on account of the promises you have made us. That is an admission that we love you from egotism and self-interest. Pure love is that of Saint Theresa: 'O God, damn me, so that You may be certain my love is disinterested.' Moral: The true Christian, he who does his best to be damned!

Your priests are illogical as much as you are contradictory. They proclaim sacrifice, self-forgetfulness, as the sole cardinal virtues. Then they come and tell us: One thing is necessary — to obtain salvation. What could be more egotistical, more self-interested, less generous? In a fire, the man of honor gives way to those in a greater hurry and runs the risk of a voluntary death. The fire is your Hell; there will be few who escape. The honest man is he who says, 'Pass on, pass on!' He gives up his turn for Paradise.

Your priests also declare: We must think of nothing but the next life. By Zeus! It is just the contrary. Suppose the other life does exist; it will be an extra gift to us, and only our works here below really matter, because they will bear witness of us. We should say with

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the philosopher: 'If there are gods, it is impossible but that the good should be rewarded; but if there are no gods, that is not a reason for not doing our duty.'

To believe in you is the ruin of virtue. Its sole value depends upon the chance that it may be an illusion. The certainty of reward inevitably kills the merit. Morality would become an investment at a usurious rate with infinite interest, which would attract the most cunning people — stockbrokers, jobbers, and bookmakers. The risk alone saves the aristocracy of duty. We cannot imagine a man of honor without a little skepticism in him. Like Brutus, he ought to say to himself from time to time, 'Virtue, thou art but a name.' I like to see the good man afflicted; I want to have Job on his dunghill. To act as if you did not exist is a postulate of the moral act which alone saves us from the categorical imperative of duty.

To conclude, I will add that the universe is a formidable account book opened against you, where, since the death of Jephthah's daughter, the blood of the innocent cries for vengeance; so that I have not come here to excuse myself, but to hear your justification. It is true you have greatly improved yourself since Biblical times, when, under the name of Iahveh, you lived in a wooden box. You were prone to vengeance, you fattened on the smoke of holocausts, you always aided successful crime.

Afterward, as man, thanks to the advice of the Serpent, became more instructed and less miserable, you became in proportion less fundamentally ignorant and ferocious. During the greatest episode of the struggle between the good and the wicked who laid claim to you, recognizing your native cruelty, you did not deliberately take the side of iniquity; in the uncertainty of the event, you retained a prudent neutrality through your interpreter. At the end of human evolution you are almost endurable; you have become quite inoffensive and playful; so that, taking all your efforts into account, I, your creature, forgive you.

An unspeakable terror shows itself on the faces of the dead. Frederick II whispers to Voltaire: 'He ought to have recanted.' A camelot du Roi rubs his hands. The Eternal questions with His eye the throng of doctors and confessors, placed to His right and left as in a picture by Raphael. He even glances at the nine legions of angels. All turn down their thumbs with the same feeling of implacable reprobation.

The Eternal. Obviously, Anatole France does not possess the spirit of simplicity. At times he exaggerates. But there is a lot of truth in what he says. His line of controversy is a change from that of my theologians. The surest way to punish him is to save him. Saint Peter, write the name of Anatole France in the register of the Elect.

Reflection of Renan. I wrote that God was only a man; but I did not foresee that he might be a man of wit!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Jesus in India

MORE or less publicity has been given to the recent investigations of Professor Nicholas Roehrich in India, which have led him to assert that Christ made a pilgrimage to the monasteries of Tibet, where he absorbed the Buddhist religion. The theory is a fascinating one, and documentary evidence has been produced to support it. But some enthusiasts seem to forget that the idea is not new.

In the *Figaro Hebdomadaire*, Gaston Derys points out that in 1894 another Russian professor, Nicholas Notovich, announced the same discovery in his book entitled *The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ*. This included the translation of an ancient document, written in holy script, called 'The Life of Saint Issa, the Best of the Children of Men.' This document, unearthed in a monastery at Ladakh in the foothills of the Himalayas, told how the great Issa came from the country of Israel and spent six years in Northern India studying the secrets of the Buddhist religion. He opposed the cults of Zoroaster and of the sun. During his journey across Persia, priests who indulged in burnt offerings tried to capture him, but he returned to the land of Israel, where he was condemned by Pilate.

M. Derys cannot deny himself a little excursion into the curious customs of the Tibetans among whom Jesus lived. 'A droll country,' he remarks, 'where men take baths only once a year, and women wash themselves carefully every day. Women also have the privilege of choosing as many husbands as they please.'

When Professor Notovich returned from his trip he told Cardinal Nina about the Life of Saint Issa, and was advised not to print it because of the ill-feelings it would arouse. The Cardinal also intimated that the Vatican Library contained sixty documents of a similar nature, substantiating the account of Jesus' visit to India. These had been brought back by missionaries in India and China. Notovich took the Cardinal's advice, but when he was in Paris could not resist telling the whole story to Renan, who became deeply interested, as he claimed to have deduced the same thing himself. He contemplated a great academic report on the subject, which so alarmed Notovich that he decided to publish his book after all and get the credit he deserved. Evidently that credit has not lasted even thirty years.

Shaw Hits Seventy

SOME of us have wondered why Bernard Shaw persists in living in a country whose artistic stupidity and moral hypocrisy give him so intense a pain. Germany takes his philósophy and America his drama with far more intelligent seriousness than the old folks at home whose society he unaccountably prefers. The answer is to be found in the recent beanfeast in honor of his seventieth birthday. Ramsay MacDonald was the toastmaster, and the Parliamentary Labor Party the host. The hundred and twenty guests included Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Arthur Henderson, J. H. Thomas, Miss Margaret Bondfield, T. P. O'Connor, and J. R. Clynes.

The fact that so many politicians

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were eager to hear him talk politics delighted Mr. Shaw more than anything that could have happened, for to be taken seriously as a political thinker is the summit of his ambition. By donning the cap and bells he has gained a larger audience than any Sidney Webb will ever enjoy. But his tragedy is the same as Shelley's: years hence his plays will be enjoyed as plays, just as Shelley's poetry is enjoyed as poetry, with no reference to the moral convictions of the writer. Mr. Shaw is happier than Shelley only in having found more contemporaries who will take him at his own valuation — even the Conservative Government contributed by refusing to let his speech be broadcasted. This tickled the speaker's vanity, and gave him a point of departure — the laughter that this censorship would arouse in various parts of the world.

Those who will laugh, for instance, at the other end of Europe. Our talented friend Trotskii will most definitely have the laugh on Mr. Winston Churchill. He will even have the laugh a little bit on us. I have a tremendous admiration for Mr. Trotskii's talents, but his laughter is a little too sardonic.

Then there is that remarkable statesman, Signor Mussolini. I don't know whether Signor Mussolini has ever laughed. He has never been represented to us as having ever laughed, but I cannot help thinking that when next our Liberal newspapers reproach him for his suppression of freedom of speech —I think perhaps he will smile.

Although the pro-Labor *Daily Herald* gave far more space to the proceedings than any other paper, they funnily enough omitted this little passage from their otherwise faithful account:—

The capitalist system has broken up to such an extent in Italy and Spain that if there had been a really well-organized Labor Party with a thorough technique of government they could have gathered it like a daisy. In fact Signor Mussolini has gathered it like a daisy. The Socialists in Italy could have done this before Mussolini. They were before Mussolini, they educated him, and the reason that he had to do it in his own way was because Socialists did not do it in their way.

The idea that Italian Socialists may be incompetent does not appeal to their English friends. But whatever the faults of Italian Socialists, the German granddaddy of them all received this enviable tribute:—

Karl Marx made a man of me. Socialism made a man of me. Otherwise I should have been like so many of my literary colleagues, who have just as much literary ability as I have. Socialism made a man of Mr. Wells, and he has done something; but look at the rest of the literary people, and you will understand why I am inordinately proud of being a Socialist.

I don't give that [Mr. Shaw snapped his fingers] for my literary eminence.

When I had read Karl Marx, and had had my mind changed, I knew.

Equipped, then, with this new kind of mind, Mr. Shaw used it as follows:—

When I began, Labor was attached to Liberalism, and was attached to Radicalism. Now Liberalism had its traditions, the traditions of 1649, of 1798, of 1848, and those traditions are still rampant in what is called the Communist Party. What were those traditions?

Those traditions were barricades, civil war, and regicide. Those are the genuine Liberal traditions, and the only reason we can't say they exist to-day is that the Liberal Party itself has ceased to exist.

Now, however, we have built up a Constitutional party. We have built it up on a Socialistic basis. My friend Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. MacDonald, and I said definitely at the beginning that what we had got to do was to make the Socialist Party a Constitutional party to which any respectable, Godfearing man could belong without the slightest compromise of his respectability. We got rid of all those traditions.

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That is why governments in the present day are more afraid of us than they were of any of the radical people.

The moral is plain: given such unusual talents as Mr. Shaw possesses, any writer will leave the world a richer place than he found it if he can devote those talents to one firmly held belief. Whether that belief is Karl Marx or Cal Coolidge does not make much difference. Just now it looks as if Karl were the safer bet.

Marriage or the Madhouse

THE bachelor of 1926 faces the dreadful alternative of spending his life in a love nest or a lunatic asylum, if we are to believe what Professor Robinson, President of the Royal College of Physicians, has told a meeting of London scientists. He produced figures to prove that bachelors between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five die on the average four years sooner than married men, and that three times as many of them go crazy. Our reason is most likely to give out between the ages of forty and fifty, but those of us who are able to pass through that critical period are in a fair way to become the leaders of mankind. In short, it is the part of wisdom for a young fellow to pick out a wife at once, if only for fear of finding something worse.

'There has been a process of selection,' observes the Professor, 'among the married, who may be regarded as a picked lot. Both husband and wife have at least selected one another from among all others, apparently for very good reasons.'

Luckily he inserted the word 'apparently,' for the novelist Mary Borden would have been after him on that score. She has been analyzing the causes of marriage in France and in Anglo-Saxon countries, and if we are to act on the Professor's advice we had better listen to Miss Borden before taking the plunge. In America, she has discovered, where people marry for love, they are apt to make a mess of it. In France, where the dowry is the chief consideration, things seem to turn out much better, for the relationship is based on common sense. The *Daily Telegraph* makes the bold suggestion that it is possible to marry for both love and common sense, and leaves the matter there.

Perhaps the Hungarians have found the best way out of the difficulty. Since single men are headed for destruction, and married men for the rocks, the wise Yankee should lose no time about joining a popular club in Budapest presided over by the genial ex-army officer, Andrew Sebes. He has given us one more example of nature copying art, for his society is devoted to the promotion of suicide, just like Stevenson's Modern Arabian Nights organization. The suicide club of Budapest publishes a suicide's journal, which has done such splendid business that there are a thousand candidates for self-destruction every month. The club evidently enjoys the coöperation of a native vampire, Mrs. Joseph Sanyi, who boasts that she has induced seven men to kill themselves. It is alleged that she exerts a strange magnetic influence over her victims. Mr. Sanyi claims that she got her idea from a horror story by the German author Ewers, entitled 'The Spider.' If she is still doing business, we could suggest a splendid list of prospects.

Britain's Corrupt Press

As our more faithful readers may have noticed, we are in the habit of quoting and clipping quite a little material from the English press. Not until that powerful Labor leader, Mr. A. J. Cook, spoke on the subject did we realize that

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from the year 1844 onward the *Living Age* has evidently been contaminating America with a propaganda of mistrust, suspicion, and misrepresentation. He levels his guns chiefly at the *Daily Mail*, and confines his remarks to the present time, but we feel that we owe it to our readers to let them know what frightful stuff they may frequently be finding in our columns — almost without knowing it. Here is Mr. Cook's tribute: —

> We have the worst press of the world in this country, for no press can equal it for their manufacturing of lies. If there is a revolution during the next twelve months, it will have been made by the *Daily Mail*. If there is a policeman's head smashed, then the *Daily Mail* will be more responsible for it than any individual or other newspaper in the country. I lay this charge at the door of the *Daily Mail*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Daily Express* in particular. From the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* we get some little sympathy.

'We,' it need hardly be said, refers to the striking miners.

Parlor, Bedroom, and Zoo

Although we have not yet heard of any American hostess imitating Mlle. Parisys to the extent of having seals to dinner or frogs and pike to an after-theatre supper, as we ventured to suggest, perhaps a new and distinctively French method of husband-baiting will recommend itself more highly. The wife of a Paris lawyer has driven her husband nearly crazy by introducing a collection of animals into their quiet apartment. He complains that she has already surrounded herself with two dogs, a cat, a turtle, a guinea pig, several birds, and a number of fishes. He has had to use all his authority to prevent her from adding a hedgehog and a kangaroo bear to the collection. She spends all her time embracing and talking to her animals as if they were human beings. Not only does this make a bad impression on visitors, but her husband also complains that the smell, not to put too fine a point upon it, is unendurable. He feels that she would do better to devote her time and energies to having children.

Will Rogers in England

Not that it's saying much, but Will Rogers is far more successful as an unofficial ambassador to foreign parts than many an accredited diplomat. Some of the sniffier London dramatic critics may undertake to turn up their noses at the act he is putting on at the Pavilion in a Cochrane revue, but he has clearly caught the fancy of his audiences. His remarks to the effect that England and America will always get on together as long as they have each other to laugh at win approval on all sides, but when he starts introducing friends in the audience to the rest of the house the fussier element feel it is a bit thick. At his opening performance he called on Dorothy Gish, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Irving Berlin. Lord Dewar went so far as to oblige with a little speech.

'I tell you, that old guy's good,' drawled Will. 'That old man's funny. I'd love to hear him when he's sober. Good-night, folks, and God bless you.'

One can imagine what consternation this must cause in certain circles. Mr. Rogers should remember that even if his friend the Prince of Wales is just like any other jazz-band artist, some Englishmen have a sense of dignity.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road? by Norman Angell. London: Noel Douglas, 1926. *5s.*

Now that he is on the side of his namesakes, the author of *The Great Illusion* is being hailed as a prophet by the Conservative and Liberal elements of the English press. Whereas before the war Mr. Angell was denounced by all decent people as a Pacifist, — and has been ignored since, in spite of the soundness of his prophecies, — he is now welcomed into the fold. Trotskii is too strong for this wholesome British stomach. Under the title, 'The Uselessness of Revolution,' the mildly Conservative *Spectator* characterizes Mr. Angell's book as follows: —

> Mr. Norman Angell has written a book for which we have been waiting. *Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road?* is the best answer we have yet read to the pretension of the Russian Communists that they have something to teach the British wage-earner. It is indeed a shattering answer. Others have written profound and convincing criticisms of Sovietism which have gone far more into detail than Mr. Angell attempts to do; but Mr. Angell has this advantage, that throughout his writing he has the air of a man who is saying, 'I have no prejudices whatever. I would sympathize with these people if I possibly could — but on the evidence I simply can't.' His method is detached, cool, curious, purely scientific. He assumes the truth of certain political arguments with which we heartily disagree, but — let us say it again — it is just for that reason (because he would not object to being a revolutionary if he thought that revolution was of the least use) that we find Mr. Angell extraordinarily persuasive. His creed is, 'I believe in anything that will work. I do not believe in anything that won't work.'

Mr. Angell leads up to his culminating point about the miserable failure of Russian Communism by gradual stages in which he discusses the proper functions of State control and individual enterprise. Although the book is small, the writing has an air of leisure. It is easy to read because it is done with the gift of exposition. Mr. Angell takes ideas and principles and examines each in turn from various points of view. He reiterates, yet he never seems to be repeating himself, because the whole thing is done deliberately, not carelessly. He is right to warn us against false antitheses. It has long been impossible, and it is much more impossible in these days than it used to be, to draw a hard-and-fast definition between State action and individualism.

Although expediency often decides new political suits in favor of State intervention, 'capitalism' — so to describe the present system — has been rightly left alone, as not merely the most practical, but by far the most advantageous, basis upon which our society can be conducted. In a perfect world of the unimaginable future another basis might be possible, but even if we make that admission the change must be gradual, and few writers have done better service than Mr. Angell in this book in demonstrating that gradualness is not a kind of timidity, but is the only practical way. Revolution, he shows, belongs to the infancy of a nation.

So long as British industry on its present basis fails to keep the peace, fails to pay high wages, and fails generally to improve the conditions of the worker, so long will there be a reason, or at all events an excuse, for the laborer to talk of revolution. Yet revolution, the speedy revolution of violence, settles nothing. Mr. Angell proceeds to a devastating analysis of exactly what the Russian

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Communists have accomplished, or rather have not accomplished. He dissects Trotskii's book, and with freezing scorn lays bare the calm assumption of the Bolsheviki that they have done something which they have not come within a million miles of doing. Trotskii's pose, like that of all other Communists, is to say, 'We Russians have achieved a revolution which is unique. We alone have done it. And now we are prepared to teach the rest of the world how they can do the same thing.'

The truth is very old, and very simple, that you cannot get on without the people who know how to do things. British Labor is fond of speaking of its problem as though it were just a matter of capturing power from an interested class. But as Mr. Angell says, that is not the problem at all. The trade-unions, he declares, must train themselves for their future responsibilities. Why do they not begin by the creation of a really efficient press? *There* would be the beginning of discipline and solidarity. With the help of that press they could promote a coöperative movement, organize trade-union banks, and develop workers' credits. Such is the way of progress. Gradual construction is the secret. The talk of revolution — which is an undoing — is misleading, silly, demoralizing.

Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, quite forgets his Irish ancestry in his enthusiasm for those English virtues to which the writings of Karl Marx and the activities of his Russian disciples are so repugnant. The similar methods of Mussolini and the Bolsheviki never fail to get a terrific rise out of the British Liberal, who has been so used to feeling advanced and progressive that he cannot bear having some blatherskite of a dictator start patronizing him as a back number. Trotskii's book, *Whither England?* published in this country last fall, aroused that feeling to fever heat. In point of fact, Mr. Garvin is not thickly tarred with the brush of the Gladstonian tradition. To him the issue is 'Ford or Marx?' and under that title he has laid hold of Mr. Angell's book as a club to belabor the whiskered head of the venerable Karl. Here is his assault and battery: —

> In itself Trotskii's book, *Whither England?* was below that talented organizer and not worth powder and shot. Cleverish and flimsy, it gave an equally superficial view of British history and present British conditions. It was devoid of real knowledge in the grain. This country is the very last on earth that Russian Bolshevism can be expected to understand. Like a facile and conceited pedagogue, Trotskii wrote of all our Socialists with a luxury of contempt, and affected ludicrously to instruct them all in the elementary truths concerning their own country. He told them in effect that they were intellectual incapables and spineless opportunists. He explained to them that the British Empire is in process of dissolution overseas, and that at home British capitalism, undermined on both sides by trade-unionism and foreign competition, is doomed to collapse. Then, with that sort of emphasis in italics which is the falsetto of writing, he declares that our tame Laborism of to-day will be superseded in this island by a Communist Party direct of action. Yet this critic is the functionary of a régime which has failed in all its own methods and now tries to maintain itself by imitating all it denounced. The Soviet Empire trampled Georgia and owns half Asia. The Bolsheviki with one breath rejoice in our ruin and with the next ask for our money. . . .
>
> First Mr. Angell restates Trotskii's case with scrupulous fairness. Then he points out some of the Bolshevist leader's stupendous 'omissions.' He might have added to the list. 'The whole implication of Trotskii's book is that he speaks as one who has successfully applied the policy he advocates. His arrogance, cocksureness, the ferocious contempt he expresses for all who hesitate to precipitate civil war and promote revolution, is hardly compatible with any implied admission that the policy which he advocates has failed where he himself has been the chief actor in imposing it. His attitude throughout is that he speaks

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from the vantage point of one who has carried out successfully what he recommends. . . . What he implies throughout is a falsehood.' In Russia the Marxian revolution at its worst has happened. Instead of establishing Socialism, it is working back to capitalism, as Mr. Angell shows in vivid detail. British Labor is asked to make itself the puppet of the dupes. What could beat this for sublimity of caricature? Trotskii seems totally unaware that trades-unionism at its strongest has never been more than a minority of the country; that the whole Labor vote is only a third of the country; that the real extremists are only a fraction of the country; that Conservatives and Liberals together, equally opposed to violent revolution, represent a solid two thirds of the country, and have a practical power far greater relatively than their numbers. Add the reënforcement of moderate Labor, which Trotskii foolishly loads with insult. There is no country in the world more secure against a violent revolution, and more certain to get heavily on the top of any attempt to make one.

What is wanted is something going far deeper than Mr. Angell does. Mr. Bernard Shaw could do it. He is writing a book touching this subject more or less. He knows that Fabianism is the chief butt of the Bolsheviki; while Lenin and Marx have their icons everywhere. Mr. Shaw could do more than any man in Europe to destroy the antiquated Marxist superstition which hinders or paralyzes the progress of Labor on this side of the Atlantic. That futile abstraction has been a curse to its devotees and a godsend to its opponents. It has been efficient for two purposes only — for the destruction of Liberalism, in the first place, and, in the second, for the creation of nationalist dictatorships and the revival of Conservative régimes. The Marxian idea is the Prussianism of economics and the mere goose-step of the mind. British Labor is like the man in the fairy tale carrying a corpse on his back, doomed never to thrive until he gets rid of it. No imported theory ever appealed to the vast majority of this singular island, with its incurable dualism — never satisfied until it discovers some irregular organic method of its own, hateful to the mere letter-perfect logicians whom Shakespeare and Burke alike despised.

As we said, Mr. Angell is a Socialist of sorts. He believes in peaceful gradualness, and in the conversion of opinion by argument. He wants more Labor newspapers to start with. But the vast majority of newspaper readers, irrespective of Party, are in the first place human beings interested in all the daily drama of life, and are only, in the second place, partisans, whether hot or mild. At present the large majority of Laborists read by preference the more popular 'burjoo' journals. This queer fact makes Trotskii drum his head with his fingers. But the island is like that. There will never be a great Labor 'daily' until one is started which is full of the human spirit of William Morris and of Mr. Robert Blatchford's original *Clarion*. It must be free from the bagpipe drone of mechanical class-hatred. Say what else you will, Marx was a solemn dog, and will never prevail in the land of Dickens.

By some of Mr. Angell's frank pages we are helped to believe even more clearly than before that the best decision of British Labor on Socialism would be to forget all about it for the next ten years at least. Capitalism is there. You never can remove it. That is an assertion we cannot argue out now. We shall only say that even a Socialist régime would have to tax its adherents to provide the fresh capital continuously required for the development of industry. The only practical thing in our generation is that Labor shall accept the principle of cooperation with capital, and fight continually for a rising status in connection with it. Marx egregiously overestimated the importance of manual labor by itself. The single person with the original idea is more important economically than the thousands of workers whose employment never would have existed if he had not created it. When Henry Ford in 1914 had the idea of a minimum wage of a

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pound a day for his workers, with profit-sharing on a large scale, — terms improved since then, — he knocked the bottom out of abstract Marxism deduced from studies in the British Museum. Mr. Angell remarks that 'it is an American manufacturer who pays (*a*) the highest wages of his industry in the world, (*b*) turns out the cheapest product in that industry, and (*c*) pays the largest profits of any factory in that industry. And Henry Ford is not unique; he is an extremely common American type.' Mr. Angell shows further, as we have done often, that the idea of 'United States' would make Europeans as rich as Americans.

Marxist dogma is the curse of the fairy tale — the corpse on the back of Labor. One morning the corpse slipped into the well and the man was renewed. To encourage individual power in creativeness and organization is the first interest of the masses. For highly industrialized societies like ours, the Bolshevist talk about revolution means a suicidal imbecility. Partnership between employers and employed is the sane dream and the real business. Karl Marx, the mid-Victorian Calvin of economics, is as dead as the dodo. That practical, original Henry Ford — as the epoch-making symbol of high wages and profit sharing — is the real spirit of the morning.

✤

BOOKS MENTIONED

TROTSKII, LEON. *Whither England?* New York: International Publishers, 1925. $1.50.

OCTOBER EVENTS ABROAD

AUSTRIA

Pan-European Congress, Vienna, October 5–8.

Central European Congress for Political Economy, Vienna, October 13–14.

Congress of the Association for Cultural Coöperation, Vienna, October 18–20.

BELGIUM

Colonial Fair, Antwerp.

FRANCE

Autumn Salon, Lyon.

Sample Fair, Lyon, October 1–15.

Exhibition of Photographic Arts, Paris.

Horticultural Show, Paris.

Lavender Sample Fair, Digne, October 3.

Horse Races, Fontainebleau, October 3.

Horse Races, Biarritz, October 3.

Horse Races, Lille, October 3.

Golf Tournament and Horse Races, Tours, October 10.

Horticultural and Wine Growing Exhibition, La Rochelle, October 20–31.

GERMANY

Wine Exhibition and Symphonic Concerts, Wiesbaden.

Photo and Cinema Show, Berlin.

Festival Week of the Badische Landestheater Karlsruhe.

GREAT BRITAIN

Ideal Homes and General Trades Exhibition, Coventry.

Radio Exhibition, London.

Wine, Spirits, and Allied Trades Exhibit, London.

Annual Medical Exhibition, London, October 4–8.

International Cycle and Motor-Cycle Show, London, October 4 to November 9.

International Shoe and Leather Fair, London, October 4–8.

Scottish Kennel Club Show, Edinburgh, October 6–7.

International Exhibition of Inventions, London, October 11–26.

Cesarewich Stakes, Newmarket, October 13.

Motor Show, Olympia, London, October 21–30.

Cambridgeshire Stakes, Newmarket, October 27.

SPAIN

General and Electrical Exhibition, Barcelona, October 13 to July 1, 1927.

SWITZERLAND

World Press Congress, Geneva.

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From Our Fall List

The Nature of the World and of Man

By SIXTEEN MEMBERS OF THE FACULTIES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

A co-operative survey of all science. Here is an outline of our knowledge of the physical and the biological world, and man's relative position in it. It is designed to give a preliminary view of many rich intellectual fields all marshalled together to assist the individual in the important problem of forming a well-defined conception of the cosmos and his relation to it.

$4.00

The Outlook for American Prose

By JOSEPH WARREN BEACH — *$2.50*

An evaluation of many controversial figures by a competent critic.

The Democratic Way of Life

By THOMAS VERNOR SMITH — *$1.75*

A profession of the social faith of a modern man.

Brains of Rats and Men

By C. JUDSON HERRICK — *$3.00*

A new approach to problems that are fundamental to all the sciences that take living things, and man in particular, as their province.

The Psalms. A New Translation

By J. M. POWIS SMITH — *$3.00*

A clear, uncorrupted version disclosing the true meaning of the world's greatest hymnbook.

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"AL'S HERE"

So Are Lots of Other Spirits

YES, you'll find the real Al Smith in the September Scribner's Magazine. Jim Kerney, Trenton editor and extraordinary judge of men, presents him.

* * *

Al Smith is one of the most picturesque figures ever to stride upon the stage of American politics. This biographical study is the first of several — a feature in Scribner's new program.

* * *

The story of the genial governor has kindred spirits — articles which are intellectual adventures, stories that interest you much longer than the time it takes to read them.

* * *

If we may inject a personal note, we've just read for the sixth time Percy Marks's story "Powdered Wings" in the September Scribner's. It is extremely fine, amusingly clever, and you will remember it as one of the really distinctive stories of the year. There'll be one such in each succeeding number of Scribner's.

* * *

Byron Dexter's first story, "Harold Hires a Band," and Henry Meade Williams's second story "Prelude to Supper" are unusual stories by young writers of great promise.

* * *

Henry van Dyke, long a public favorite, contributes "The Sweet Influence of the Pleiades."

* * *

A most important article presenting an arresting query concerning our civilization is "The Sifting Power of Cities" by Ellsworth Huntington.

* * *

Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing, second woman in the United States to hold a place in a governor's cabinet, launches a spirited attack upon the shortsightedness of male political leaders in regard to feminine candidacies.

* * *

Harlan C. Hines, psychologist, writes of child-training and the part the modern school plays in fostering criminal tendencies.

* * *

George Ellery Hale contributes the most interesting of his important articles on the new astronomy in "Beyond the Milky Way."

* * *

J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton went to scoff at the negro "benefit" associations and remained to praise the negro "joiner." His "The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise" is a distinct contribution to literature on the negro.

* * *

Harrison Rhodes, invalid playwright, writes a brave and humorous article "How to Deal with the Doctor."

* * *

Then there's that delightful philosopher, about whom R. B. House recently said: "One of the most beneficient influences in contemporary life is that fine Christian gentleman, scholar, and interpreter, William Lyon Phelps."

* * *

And Royal Cortissoz, dean of art critics, writes on the work of one of the greatest living American painters, Arthur B. Davies, with many illustrations from his work.

* * *

It's a great number and a big argument against ever missing another number of Scribner's Magazine. We live at 597 Fifth Avenue and it only costs $4 to belong to the Scribner's club of kindred spirits.

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